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Everywoman's

MAGAZINE JANUARY 1946



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JANUARY • 1946

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From the Editor

Are you looking for a first-rate New Year's resolution? Why not this one: Be Nosy!

I'm not joking. If more of us were nosy, the world would be a happy place. Evil flourishes when people are incurious. Civic clean-up campaigns are put through by nosy people who poke around and uncover evil which has been festering in secret.

Perhaps that's why the great Voltaire said, "Each nation gets the government it deserves."

Over two hundred years later, we witnessed his words carried out in a nation of people who watched unquestioning when huge prison enclosures were erected all over their beautiful country.

Were their ears already deaf in 1932 when the first trainloads of victims bound for these enclosures rumbled through? What curiosity lived next to those gray walls or near that barbed wire and saw nothing, said nothing? What sort of mother covered her ears with a pillow when the child's screams in the night broke her sleep? What sort of housewife had a sense of smell so blunted that she served her family hasenpfeffer and dumplings as the odor of putrefaction and poison gas wafted in the window?

Yet, we need not look so far. Many of us live just outside of walls which muffle children's screams, walls which witness the wasting away of bodies from malnutrition, walls which see the slow warping of characters, the stunting of health into disease.

A few months ago, a well-known magazine startled its readers with a gruesome account of local jails where first offenders and hardened criminals mixed, and boys and girls languished waiting a trial.

More recently, a conservative newspaper revealed that of our country's 1,600 orphanages only a third were decent and a third were so rotten that they were breeding evil daily.

Around these jails and orphanages live respected townsmen who see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil while suffering, misery and a future crimewave breed in their midst.

Do you have an orphanage or a jail in your town? Are they sinks of iniquity? Or haven't you been nosy enough to find out?

Both of this month's pictured authors are my age—so please call us all twenty-one plus! Carl Nossaman had the good luck to be born in Colorado where he went to school and now works in the Public Service Company. His article introduces you to the little woman but not to his sons, aged 5 and 2 respectively.

Elsie Ziegler, who hails from Illinois, bests Carl N. by one—she has three children—Peter 10, Gail 7, and Karen, 6. She has won six writing awards—but *Her Hand in Clay* is Mrs. Ziegler's first published story!



Joan Hanson



Carl A. Nossaman



Elsie Ziegler

Joan Hanson

NOW in a NEW package



Van Camp's TENDERONI

We couldn't improve the angel-cake quality of Tenderoni. It is still tender—never doughy—cooks to a light, nourishing goodness, in only 7 minutes. But we have improved the package—it's easier to hold while you pour its contents into the boiling water that is the simple short-cut to a marvelous meal. Enjoy Tenderoni often—as a dish in itself and in combination with Van Camp's Chili Con Carne and other good foods.

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READERS—Guess we could all take a bit of advice from fellow reader Florence Johnson's letter and resolve to start each day this new year with no best face and breakfast table forward.—EDITOR

AN EDDY FAN

This snapshot of my five-year-old son, Philip Norman, was taken the day he graduated from Shenandoah Pre-School. Last winter he was one of one-hundred children out of six-hundred to be found—a one-hundred per cent perfect health child. He wants to be a singer and already has sung at several churches and concerts in Miami, Florida. Classical music is his favorite and he is now studying voice. He says he wants to sing like Nelson Eddy whom he enjoys listening to on the radio. It was Nelson Eddy who inspired him to learn "The Lord's Prayer" which he sings very well.

MRS. H. N. KELLEY, Miami, Fla.



Healthy Lad

PROTEST

Why are our boys being slowed up on their homeward journey from overseas to make room for foreign brides of other servicemen already home? American wives and sweethearts are just as eager to see their loved ones as they will be separated far longer.

MRS. T. J. PERRY, Chicago, Ill.

MUSICIANS IN THE FAMILY

I want to commend you for publishing such a delightful magazine. The thing that appeals to me most of all is that it does not carry advertisements of intoxicating beverages or cigarettes. It is a suitable magazine for any Christian home. I enjoy the *Letters From Our Readers* and also the *Diary of a Housewife*. It truly deals with every day living and I get many a chuckle from it.

I am enclosing a picture of our two sons, Eddie and Earl. They have been studying accordion for about four years. They play in their school orchestra and the First U. B. Church Orchestra. They furnish entertainment for the various organizations in our community as well as surrounding communities.

MRS. C. A. BEVARD, Newark, O.



Accordianists

ANY WEAVERS PRESENT?

Weaving is my hobby and in this big industrial city there are very few people who weave. At present I have a twenty-two-inch loom and a forty-five-inch one that will be shipped to me soon. I have several friends who weave. One is an artist at the craft. She has three looms and does very beautiful

Letters From

work. My only hope is that someday I'll weave only a third as well as she does.

To date, I've made towels, luncheon sets and scarves. Right now I'm trying out the new sectional warp replacing the old beam. It's a great deal easier to warp now, though learning that, too, takes time.

Being more or less stubborn, I learned to weave with a book. I had no time to go to classes. Club work takes up part of my time. Weaving gives my nerves a rest and I find it most interesting. The only thing wrong is that the days are far too short to crowd in all the things I want to do.

I would like to hear from other weavers. Right now I've some monk's belt mats on the loom.

My son has been in the service four-and-a-half years and he gets a daily letter and a weekly box. I belong to three clubs and go to Town Hall every week so you can see why my days are short.

ELISE AVERY, Detroit, Mich.

FROM THE PINE TREE STATE

My little two-year-old son, Bobby, doesn't mind having his picture taken as you can see. Only he doesn't like his hair to look just combed. He is what people call "all boy."

When I mow the lawn in the summer, he thinks he has to help push the lawn mower. If there is wood to be carried, he makes a dozen trips with one or two sticks from shed to wood box. He likes to play ball and the games he sees older children enjoying. Bobby's days, like most two-year-olds, are jam-packed full of activities. His daddy is with the army in Czechoslovakia. I've often wondered why I haven't seen a letter from Maine printed on these pages. Perhaps I've missed the copy in which there was one.

MRS. E. RAND, Yarmouth, Me.



Likes To Help

ARE YOU NEGLECTING BREAKFAST APPEAL?

Are you neglecting breakfast appeal? I did. It was one of the children who rudely awakened me from my sleepy dawdling over the first meal of the day. Leave it to the young fry to tell the truth even if it hurts.

I had been very earnest to see that everyone had the right kind of breakfast when it came to fruit and cereal. But there were other things just as important.

"Margie's mother always wears a pretty pink or green dress for breakfast," announced my eight-year-old daughter one morning after spending the night with a girl friend. "And they have the prettiest doilies you ever saw for the table. And she didn't use the dinner cloth just because Bobbie spilled the soup."

"Hurry up and eat your breakfast or you'll be late to school," I said sharply, smarted under the merited rebuke.

As soon as the family had gone their different ways, I whisked that very soiled dinner cloth off the breakfast table, and tossed

Our Readers

it into the laundry chute, then I made a fast trip upstairs. It was too late to impress my family with a fresh, clean morning dress, but I would see to it that my neighbors or chance callers didn't catch me in a decidedly rumpled dress.

The next morning, I served breakfast in an entirely different atmosphere. I was wearing a new blue washable cotton dress, the table was set with individual doilies and a brand new set of inexpensive dishes in bright colors. After Lucille's remark, I just couldn't use those odd pieces of nicked and cracked china that I had been using formerly for breakfast. There were even pretty plastic napkin holders and a bowl of flowers on the table.

"Hm," said Friend Husband. "Pretty nifty, aren't we?" But there was a look in his eye that told me in no uncertain terms that he was glad to see his bride was back again, his bride who always had time to dress for breakfast.

"Hot Diggety! Ain't we grand?" was our son's contribution.

"Oh, Mom, you're so pretty," said Lucille with a hug. "May I ask Margie to come and stay overnight?"

FLORENCE J. JOHNSON, Banning, Cal.

GETTING SETTLED

Here's a picture of my three "boy friends." My husband and our sons, Richard who is two years old and Carl who will soon be five. We have recently moved to Phoenix, Arizona because the oldest boy has asthma. He is doing fine out here-which makes us very glad we made the move. We are going through the ordeal of finding suitable housing.



Dad, Carl, Richard

The boys are enjoying the pools, parks and other outdoor activities here although at times they miss their grandparents very much and wish to return to Texas, our former home.

In nature the boys are very much like their picture. Richard, the younger boy, is very good-natured and full of life while Carl is much more serious and loves to look at books and have stories read to him. I, too, get much enjoyment from reading and crocheting is one of my favorite pastimes.

MRS. E. MAYERHOFF, Phoenix, Ariz.

WINTER'S TALE

*A winter field is like a sheet
Where any passer reads
How foxes went on dainty feet
Among the silver weeds.*

*And bunny, playing hounds-and-hare
Across a snowy space,
Has left imprinted everywhere
His funny little face!*

Florence B. Jacobs

JINGLE-WRITING AUNT

When the war and its accompanying woe (plus our own personal pint-sized imbroglio) gets the better of me, I take refuge in writing jolly little jingles. I can lose myself completely for hours in search for a word to rhyme with "nephew" or "orange" and at the same time continue my work. It's much less wearing than worry. Little things have always been of utmost importance to me, as this gay little verse shows.



Injun Chief

TO LARRY

*Larry Long is a cute little clown
Who is half-past-four-years-old.
His curly hair and eyes of brown
Make his smile as bright as gold.*

*He has a habit of twirling some curls
On his forehead as he talks
He's far more precious than oceans of pearls.
In an aura of love he walks.*

*Come rain, come storm, he's ever gay.
He's a darling in Aunt Helen's opinion
He sings and dances while at play.
Today he's our pipe-smoking Indian.*

MRS. HELEN I. FOLKER, Goshen, Ind.

A PLEASED READER

This is my first letter to you. I've been meaning to write for ages, but am only now getting around to it. I just couldn't resist writing when I read the letter from Mrs. R. Harris of Florida in the September issue.



The Three of Us

Remember the "nearly eighty" reader who didn't like the "ivory exhibit" in the illustrations? That really tickled me, especially when I turned to Charles Pieper's article "Why Men Prefer Women Past 30" on page twelve and found all the lovely ladies and the gentleman with very set and proper smiles! I loved that. To think a reader's request really meant something to you thrilled me. This snap will introduce my daughter, Valerie Gail; my son, Jimmie III; and myself. MRS. JAMES J. HOAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

ETERNAL DISH WIPING

My small nieces are supposed to help wipe the dishes. The job brought a series of groans and "wait a minutes" until we went on the counting system. Now I give a rough estimate of the dishes and announce that each must dry twelve or whatever is decided upon. Three pieces of silver equal one dish. They get so interested in the score that they forget the drudgery and the operation is speeded up. LUCILE A. BRANDA, Rowayton, Conn.



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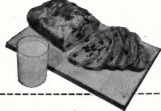
BY
*Elizabeth
Ann Baker*

POINTERS FOR GOOD COOKS

A loaf of home-made nut bread tucked away in the bread box is like having money in the bank, I always think.

Out it comes for dainty tea sandwiches, for the lunch box or for a late supper snack. A girl just starting to keep house could build up a reputation as a fine cook on her nut bread alone!

I'd like to have you try my pet nut bread recipe. It's easy on scarce ingredients and destined to be your "pride and joy" every time you make it.



Betsy's Nut Bread

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1/4 c. shortening | 1/2 tsp. salt |
| 1/2 c. sugar | 3/4 c. milk |
| 1 egg | 3/4 c. seedless |
| 2 c. flour | raisins |
| 3 tsp. Rumford | 3/4 c. chopped |
| Baking | nuts |
| Powder | |

Cream shortening and sugar. Beat egg, add, mix well. Sift flour, baking powder and salt, add alternately to creamed mixture with milk. Add raisins and nuts. Pour into greased loaf pan, bake in moderate oven (350°F) 1 hour. Store 24 hours before slicing.

For the fine flavor of this favorite nut bread, I give credit to Rumford all-purpose Baking Powder. Rumford contains no alum so it can never leave a bitter taste. And Rumford's even gentle action always raises things just right.

I have a special gift for you—a postcard brings you to my Rumford gift booklet, "Biscuits and Biscuits Glorified". Address Elizabeth Ann Baker, Rumford Baking Powder, Rumford 16, Rhode Island.



The Truth About Toilet Training

BY DR. MARY HALTON

Obstetrician, Gynecologist, Chairman "Equal Rights for Babies" Committee.

TO THE new mother the miracle of a baby in her arms is a never ending wonder and joy. Naturally she desires the world to admire and acclaim her treasure.

After a few months of serenity the ugly goblin of toilet training raises its head and fills her with apprehension and worry as she hears tales of the "outrageous" behavior of children who habitually wet the bed at night and have "accidents" during the day. Her anxiety grows with each month that she fails to train her baby into perfect control of his bodily functions.

To add to her fears, there are always some pert mothers who assert that their babies were perfectly trained from the sixth month and needed no diapers from that early date.

To clear up the subject, first let me explain to these boastful mothers. It is true that a baby, having his diaper removed, and being put upon a cold metal vessel every couple of hours will probably urinate. Also it is true that some babies have very regular bowel movements once or twice daily, and since urination helps provoke that function the agile young mother has results. Of course, the claim that this is toilet training is entirely absurd.

What then is toilet training, you may ask? Here is the scientific explanation: The neuromuscular control of the bladder and bowel is a complicated, slow-developing mechanism in the young child. An infant at birth has no voluntary control. The sphincter muscles, which hold back or release the flow of excretions from his bladder and bowel, are not at first connected to his brain by nerve tracts; and those nerve tracts grow and develop very slowly. Dr. Arnold Gesell of Yale University, the great authority on this subject, tells us that a baby is eighteen months old before he is even aware that the urine which he passes comes from his body.

Finally very slowly, as the months pass and the nerve tracts develop, he becomes aware of the fact that he possesses a mechanism that can release or hold his body excretions. Now, very gradually, he learns to use this control; and finally, about a year later at the age of two and a half, he has established daytime control. Another half-year is generally necessary to strengthen the nerve mechanism so that he can function properly during his sleep at night. Control of the bowel function generally trails along a little after that of the bladder. So it is safe to say that control of both bladder and bowel during the day and night may ordinarily be expected between the third and fourth years.

Of all the controls of the human body this one is the most delicate and the most easily upset. Mothers who try by so-called "toilet training" to assist their children in the long, slow evolution of these controls have many pitfalls to avoid.

It has frequently been well said that the best method of toilet training is—no training at all. In other words: no stress or strain should be put on the child as he dimly reaches out to gain power over his wobbly functions.

Especially, no emotional tension should en-

ter the situation. For example, a mother may be so anxious to have her child progress in control that she praises him for every successful accomplishment; and so he strives to hold back always. Meanwhile this striving may cause the development of spasm of his sphincter muscles so that finally the child has difficulty in letting go. The time comes finally when the ceremony of placing him on the toilet seat increases his spasm: he gets tied up in knots; he cannot perform. Finally, as he is removed and toddles away to play, he relaxes, his spasm lets go. To his great consternation and his mother's angry indignation, he soils himself.

Remembering that a young child has a one-track mind, we can easily see that reminders from anxious mothers often interfere with those faint, indefinite bladder signals which the child feels. Mother's reminders and prodings confuse, distract and thwart him as he slowly tries to recognize the complicated signals that come to him to tell of a compulsion to journey to the bathroom.

Shaming or punishing a child for lack of control should never be used. It introduces a nervous storm which is destructive of that control. The best toilet training is a gentle, watchful policy of unemotional assistance, directed to produce a peaceful, amiable spirit of cooperation as the child acquires calm mastery of his body functions, and begins to perceive conventionally accepted behavior relating to toilet functions.

After a child has achieved control, his rhythm may be upset when he is not well or is under unusual tension. Such troubles pass easily, but there are other interferences of a more persistent nature, such as infected tonsils and adenoids, allergic states, intestinal irritations and infections, and intestinal parasites of various kinds, especially pin worms. Also some children get colds frequently, which may seriously interfere with bladder control; and a number of children develop recurring bladder infections which greatly disturb the health functions of the bladder. Besides all of these there are not infrequently strictures of the bladder, and other anomalies which only the urological specialist can detect.

Toilet training is the acid test of a true mother: it is a trying ordeal for any child. Time will solve ordinary difficulties; but when real medical trouble exists the mother instinct should sense it and call for the help of the specialist.

Editor's Note: Since 1941, Dr. Halton's articles in *Everywoman's* have guided mothers on both child and baby care. Among other subjects she has written on: breast feeding, baby's first solid food, appetite for babies and children, allergies, lies, temper tantrums, obedience, jealousy, bad habits, whooping cough, tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, religious training, parties, school days, illegitimacy, vocational aptitudes. Is there a special problem that you would like to see appear in this department? Write your request to Dr. Halton, *Everywoman's Magazine*, 1790 Broadway, New York 19. If the subject has not been covered, Dr. Halton will write on it.

Diary of a Housewife

BY MARJORIE HICKEY

Jan. 2. It's nice to have the holidays over. Nice to have life back to normal again. It's like the good, clean taste of bread and butter after too much cake. And won't I be glad to see that Christmas tree come down this week when the children have had their fill of it! It looks awful!



Jan. 5. Pa indoors all in a glow from shoveling snow off the walks and suggested today would be a good day to take the tree down, but both Judy and Joel put up such a howl, we said all right, all right, next week, then . . . Apple crunch for supper. Slice 4 apples into a buttered 8-inch pan; blend together $\frac{1}{4}$ cup quick-cooking oatmeal, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening; spread over apples and bake until crusty; serve warm with cream. Apple crunch is so good you close your eyes which is a big help because it blots out sight of droopy, dusty Christmas tree.

Jan. 7. Tree still sheds its benign light—also its needles. We won't have to take it down next week after all—it's going to collapse any minute and save us the trouble. Christmas certainly left me holding the empty handbag, but I served steak tonight anyway—inexpensive chuck comes sizzling out of the broiler as tender as t-bone if you marinate it 15 or 20 minutes before broiling in fresh or canned grapefruit juice.

Jan. 14. Well, the tree is still up, but what puzzles me is what holds it up. And, why don't I just be firm and take it down? Judy and Joel home from school early to make sure I haven't, and then with both hands into the Snack Jar. The Snack Jar is a giant, wide-mouthed pickle jar and holds everything from crackers and fruit to candy, and nobody has to say: What's to eat, Mom? with the Snack Jar around.



Jan. 21. What a pleasant family scene tonight! Pa in the big chair up to his ears in seed catalogs, and the children playing happily on the floor under the Christmas tree which resembles a tired clothes rack. Be spring before you know it, said



Pa with satisfaction. I didn't argue. Let him dream. It'll always be Christmas . . . Woman's page of tonight's paper very helpful on the subject of laundry, and gives list of average number of pieces of laundry per pound: 1 single sheet, 3 pillowcases, 2 men's shirts, 4 boys' shirts, 2 to 3 women's dresses, 2 to 4 children's dresses, 3 bath towels, 6 linen towels, or 2 lunch cloths.

Jan. 26. Well, my goodness, we finally got the tree down and out in the backyard, and Christmas is over for another year . . . Ice cream is a versatile thing. Soften a half pint of vanilla, whip it up with a half cup of strong coffee, and serve it on unfrosted cake. Or stir a pint of vanilla into a bowl of fruit flavored gelatin just as the gelatin is ready to set . . .

Jan. 28. Couldn't believe my eyes this morning—six Christmas trees in the backyard and Joel and Judy dragging up a seventh. We had a bonfire before breakfast with the Martin's big holly wreath on top, and none of the neighbors will even think to thank me for it—but anyway now I know Christmas is over . . . Made a chocolate cornstarch pudding for supper, and no skin formed on top while it cooled because I cut waxpaper to fit the bowl and laid it on the pudding.

Jan. 31. Sat down to glance over the Christmas cards again before getting rid of them. One from Uncle Ernest. Who is Uncle Ernest? Another from Em, Bill, and Dottie. I don't remember any Em, Bill, and Dottie. Asked Pa, who said he once knew an Irma, Bill, and Dottie, but not Em . . . so got rid of all the Christmas cards, including the neighbors'. So Christmas is really over for another year, I said cheerfully to Pa . . . though Pa claims he got a Christmas tree needle in his oatmeal this morning.

§1 HERE'S HOW

Here's how to have a festive cake for a gala New Year's celebration: Bake your favorite cake in a tube tin. When ready to serve, drop a wine glass into the center hole. Fill the wine glass with small flowers, any kind will do. Or instead of flowers, mistletoe, or holly, put a candle in the glass with smaller birthday cake size candles in the cake itself around the larger one. This candle-flower idea may be employed for many occasions—seasonal holidays, birthday celebrations or bridge parties—with different color schemes suited to the particular event.

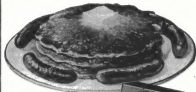
MARJORIE MANSUR, East Hartford, Conn.

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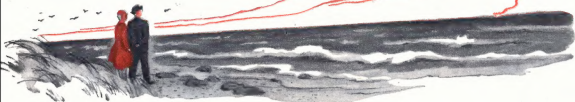


IT'S THE RED BOX
for Pancakes and
Waffles



THE YELLOW BOX
for Buckwheats

When Ships Come In



BY WILLIAM ARLEIGH EUBANK

Did you ever want something so badly that every obstacle increased your desire? Then this story is for you!

THE farther I got away from home, the more I wanted to get back again. But Susie was looking straight ahead as if she could see that ocean right through them mountains—like it might be five miles away instead of five hundred.

"Oh, Al," she said. "We're going to see it at last." "Maybe so!" That was as far as I'd commit myself right then. I'd fixed a flat already. More than that, the motor didn't sound any too good, and I knew we'd soon start the five mile climb to the top of Old Baldy.

How had I ever let Susie talk me into that trip, anyway? Just because she wanted to see the ocean with a ship on it. Five hundred miles just to see a big pond of water. For a long time I wouldn't hear to it. No sensible man would.

But when she got the pneumonia it scared me so bad I told Susie that if she'd just get well we'd go see that ocean—ships and all.

A while after that, we got the notice about our boy, Tommy. He was killed in France. I believe that if our girl, Mary, had not come home from California on a visit, Susie would have died.

Mary hadn't intended to stay but a week, but she stayed and nursed Susie until she was out of danger. Mary could see the ocean from where she lives. They talked and talked about it.

When Mary left there was a change in Susie. She never came right out and said so, but I knew by her action that she was more determined than ever to see that ocean.

First I talked hard times. Then crops had to be harvested. After harvest, I went back to hard times again. But I couldn't stop Susie.

One day she got a crock from the cupboard. She reached in and pulled out a roll of money big enough to choke a mule.

"Al Stone," she said. "I've saved enough butter and egg money to pay for that trip to the ocean, and you've got to take me. I want to go see where my boy went over the water."

That got me deep down. Anybody who, for such a reason as that, wanted to see the ocean, ought to get to see it. I give in and we got ready. So, there we was rolling along in that jalopy!

We hadn't got halfway up Baldy before the radiator bled.

I got out and unscrewed the cap. The steam shot it off down the mountain. I found it after a while, but I fell and spilled my bucket of water and had to go back a hundred feet, nearly straight down, after some more.

The first big place we came to was Lenville, and we had to go right through the city. Every time I'd come to one of them red lights, the engine would go dead, and I'd have to get out and crank it. Then, like as not, the thing would die again before I could get started. I was nearly fit to be tied before I got through that place.

We didn't pass many filling stations, and every time Susie paid the gas and oil bill, her face got longer. That was some satisfaction. It was her party and I aimed to let her pay for it.

That night we stopped in a good hotel and the bed we had was a good one, but I couldn't get to sleep. I reckon I laid there on the flat of my back for hours, wondering how I'd ever get out of town the next day. About five I heard a rooster crow. The more that old rooster crowed, the homesicker I got.

I only had three flats the next day. But that jalopy sure did rap on Susie's roll. When she'd peed off money it looked like it made every bone in her ache. She'd count it every so often, too, when she thought I wasn't looking.

The fourth or fifth day—I disremember which—that engine let out a rattle that could have been heard a mile. The only good thing about it was that it happened close to a country garage.

I drove in, and a young feller was standing there wiping his hands with a rag, grinning from ear to ear. . . . Wanted to know if I had a jackhammer under the hood. When he got through going over it, everything except the speedometer—which had run down long before he'd heard a mile. The feller figured it would be about twenty dollars. Susie like to have fainted.

The garage man had some tourist cabins for rent so we decided to stay in one. It would take all the next day to get the jalopy back so it would run, he told us.

After I went to bed, I saw Susie counting her money. When she got through, she shut up her pocket book, turned out the light and slipped in beside me.

I reckon it was a whole hour before she said a word. Then she nudged me. "Al, are you asleep?"

"No."

"I guess we'd better turn back. I won't have hardly any money left when I pay for the car being repaired."

"Then turn over and go to sleep. This was a tom-fool idea in the first place. If you'd stayed to home, you'd still have your money."

"Al, it's—it's—only about fifty more miles. If you could help me some—"

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"Al Stone, I've saved up enough butter and egg money to pay for that trip. You've got to take me!"



Her Hand in Clay

BY ELSIE ZIEGLER

**It isn't only those who go to war that are the casualties.
There are others who stay at home—like Daddy in this tale.**

THEY only meant to be kind, Carrie was sure. They crossed the street just to speak to her. There were two of them, one tall and one short, and she didn't know their names, but she recognized them as ladies in the neighborhood. Before Daddy went away, before the gossip started, Carrie had never been aware there were so many kind ladies in the neighborhood.

Some were fat and sleek and pompous like the trained seals in the circus, and some were thin and baggy like the lady scarecrow she had seen in a Victory garden, but they all looked exactly alike. Their faces all had the same benevolent, but slyly inquisitive expressions.

She pretended she didn't see them. She hurried to intermingle with a group of other children who were walking ahead of her although she didn't know them, silently seeking their protection. But the two ladies in the neighborhood were determined to be kind. They stopped before her, blocking her way, and there was no escaping them.

They smiled. "Well," they said, "if it isn't little Carrie Brandon. How are you, dear?"

"Fine, thank you," said Carrie politely, and she clutched against her stomach the little hand in clay she had made in school, covering it with both hands, hoping they wouldn't see it.

"And how is your mother?" they probed. "And your sweet baby brother?"

"Fine, thank you," repeated Carrie. "And my daddy is fine, too," she added quickly, answering the question she knew all the ladies wanted most to ask but didn't dare because they were too kind.

Tinkling, embarrassed laughter escaped through the ladies' lips. "Of course," they assured her, "of course he's fine."

"Oh, look," said the tall one, "your shoe-laces are untied. Let me tie them for you, dear."

"And your ribbon, too," said the short one. "It's coming undone and falling out of your hair."

Was she untidy? She hadn't noticed. She'd been thinking so hard about the hand in clay she had made for Daddy.

They tidied her, their hands fluttering

solicitously over her. Because she was a neglected and forsaken child. Because they pitied her. Because everybody in the neighborhood knew her daddy hadn't come home for a whole month. He wanted to marry a new lady he had met at the office where he worked, and Mama was going to divorce him.

"What is that you have in your hand?" asked the tall lady. "Something you made in school?"

They had discovered it. "Oh, it's nothing, just nothing at all," she evaded and tried to slip away through the space between them. But their bodies quickly blended into a barrier, and the short one took the hand in clay gently but firmly from her clasp.

"Why, how sweet!" she exclaimed, examining it. "The imprint of your hand on a clay disk."

"How clever," said the tall one. "They make the cutest things in school nowadays."

They began to read aloud the writing around the edge of the disk, "For my—" but then they stopped abruptly and exchanged meaningful glances. They were too kind to read the rest of it.

They thrust the disk back into her hand and went away, murmuring to each other, "How pathetic. It's a shame—"

Carrie stood still, looking at the words she had written on her hand in clay, "For My Daddy on Father's Day."

She wanted to run, fast and hard, to reach quickly the immunity of her home, but just ahead a group of her classmates in the fourth grade were talking and laughing together. They became silent when she approached, walking with exaggerated nonchalance. Nobody spoke to her, but when she passed they began to whisper, and one voice, bolder than the rest, was plainly audible, "My mom says her dad's a war casualty, one of the worst kind."

Carrie understood the meaning of that only vaguely, but it reminded her of something Mama had said to Grandma over three years ago, "I'm so glad Eddie's got this nice job at the Bedford Engine Plant. Now we won't have to worry about his being exposed to those horrible bombs and things."

But they had lost Daddy anyway. And even though the war was over now Daddy wasn't himself—

What was it she had noticed first? His restlessness. He didn't sit and smoke or hold her on his lap and tell her stories the way he used to. He tinkered with his car, he was forever fixing things. And then when the soldiers started coming home with their exciting stories an odd look would spread over his face.

When Daddy got that look in his eyes, he would go to the window and stare at the sky, and Carrie could feel way down inside herself Daddy was filled with a longing for something strange and wild and exciting. And it seemed to Carrie that the lilac branches tapping against the windowpane were saying, "Too tame, too tame, too tame." And the wind kept whispering, "Away, away, away!"



And after the plant closed and Daddy got a peacetime job, he went away. Not because he didn't love Mama and little Peter and herself anymore. Not because he really liked some other lady better. He just had to follow the wind, to see where it led. He'd come back again. He'd surely come back on Father's Day.

Carrie ran the last two blocks home, and when she entered the hallway, she could hear Grandma talking to Mama in the kitchen. Carrie hurried up the stairs to the room she shared with Peter and hid the hand in clay in her drawer. She mustn't risk letting Grandma see it. Grandma was very angry at Daddy. She came over nearly every day now to comfort Mama. She kept telling Mama she must divorce Daddy, for her pride's sake.

In the kitchen, Mama was taking cookies out of the oven. Grandma was sitting at the table, with a newspaper spread out before her. "Just look at this," she was saying, "almost every other page has a picture of some woman who's divorcing her husband. What's the world coming to, anyway?"

Carrie looked over her shoulder and saw a picture of a pretty young woman, sitting on the edge of a table, all legs and smiles, and the heading over the picture read, "Divorces Husband for Cruelty." Funny, how in all the pictures like that, the women all looked so happy. But Mama never smiled at all anymore. Mama didn't want to divorce Daddy.

Grandma turned to Carrie. "Well," she said, "do you think you could be a good girl when you come to live with me?"

A hand seemed to close around Carrie's heart. Then Mama must have finally made up her mind! For a minute she couldn't answer. She just stood there thinking about Grandma's apartment in the city where all the furniture had the stiff, unloved appearance of furniture in a department store. She must never run in Grandma's apartment. She must never shout or laugh too loudly, for the walls and floors were all too thin, and the neighbors might complain.

"When are we moving, Mama?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," said Mama. "We've rented the house, furniture and all, and we'll leave everything just as it is."

So soon? But they mustn't go so soon! "Couldn't we wait until after Sunday, Mama? Couldn't we?" Sunday was Father's Day. What if Daddy came home and found everyone gone?

Mama shook her head. "Here's a dime, Carrie," she said. "Go to Hymer's on Western Avenue and get a loaf of white bread. I'll start clearing out your drawers upstairs, and when you come back you can help me."

"All right, Mama." But no! There was something in the drawer she mustn't see! Mama would cry.

Up the stairs she flew, retrieved the hand in clay and tried to hide it in the pocket of her sweater. But it was a little too big, and she had to hold her hand over the exposed part. Mama and Grandma were in the living room now, and Carrie went through the hall into the kitchen so they wouldn't see her. On the table lay the newspaper. Stripping off the top page, she hastily wrapped her hand in clay and put it back into her pocket.

(Continued on page 25)

She backed away from them so quickly that the present was jarred from her pocket and exposed to the public gaze.



Could This Be Love?

What Has Gone Before:

When Peggy Allivon, just out of college, takes her first job as fifth grade teacher in Engineers' Town, she little suspects that within a year she will be in love with a married man. To make it worse, he is fascinating, red-headed LINK HANLEY, the father of one of her pupils.

Soon Peggy runs into a streak of hard luck. KATE EVANS, her roommate leaves her to get married. PHIL FORSTEN, Peggy's friend, one of the younger engineers, announces that he will soon be leaving for Alaska after Peggy convinces him that she is really in love with Link.

Then Peggy and Link begin bickering and quarreling over their differences and things finally come to a head when Link tells her that MONA, his wife, has decided to sue for divorce at the county seat and plans to name Peggy as corespondent. He urges Peggy to announce her engagement to someone like Phil Forsten and then go away to avoid the scandal—for both of them. She refuses and his distraught pleading reveals to Peggy what he really is. He is particularly concerned over the damage the gossip might cause him personally. She suddenly realizes she doesn't love him after all.

But meanwhile, Mona is spreading her gossip and the school board announces they will not renew Peggy's teaching contract for the next year.

When Phil learns of Peggy's plight, he again urges Peggy to marry him, but she refuses.

When the dam starts leaking and the men inside are in danger, her thoughts go out to Phil and not to Link. Torn with anxiety, she goes to the field house to wait for Phil only to be told to go home—that it's no more dangerous in the dam for Link Hanley than for the rest of his crew.

Now Go On With the Story:

Conclusion

WHEN Peggy was able, she drove home knowing that part of her faintness was from hunger.

She was in the midst of eating her supper, still in a daze over the episode at the field house, when a sharp knock on the front door roused her.

Mona Hanley stood on the porch.

"Won't you . . . come in?" Peggy asked automatically and thought, *This is the first time I ever had a good look at Link's wife.*

Mona came as far as the small front entry and stood with one hand on the jamb of the



"Won't you . . . come in?" Peggy asked and thought, *This*

door. She was thin to the point of boniness, but she carried herself well, her head very high.

She had strong handsome features but they were not improved by make-up. Her face was so pale that the color on her cheeks and full lips gave her a grotesque, masked look.

"It's about David—I can't find him," Mona said in a swift rush of words. "A neighbor boy said he didn't go to school this afternoon. Was David at school, Miss Allivon?"

"No." Drawn by the woman's haunted eyes and her strangely repressed voice, Peggy asked in a puzzled tone, "But should you be . . . worried, Mrs. Hanley?"

"Do you think I'd come to you if I didn't have cause to be worried?" she said fiercely.

Backing away from her, Peggy said uncertainly, "Won't you sit down? If I could help, about David . . ."

Mona came into the room but refused a chair. She spoke rapidly and jerkily. "He's been queer, for days. Upset by a lot of things a boy has no business knowing."

If she'd only sit down, Peggy thought, *this room is too small for pacing.*

"David ate his lunch as usual and started off with his gang. I saw them on the corner, talking. Then David came back, hung around the yard. I told him to hurry, he'd be late for school. He mumbled about not going to school. When I scolded him he said, 'You're sending me away. And I may never come back.' I didn't think much about it, then. He's made other threats, silly ones like kids do when they get mad." Her heavy lips were pulled slightly apart but her face seemed to work with the contractions of her clenching jaw.

She took a threatening step forward but only to ask in a faint voice, "Do you think



is the first time I ever had a good look at Link's wife.

he'd—he'd do something . . . to himself?"

Peggy sat very still, unable to answer. *What would a small boy do, a haggard-eyed boy who had brooded, and hugged despair to himself? He had started to school, talked to boys on the corner, and returned home. Peggy looked up at Mona, said slowly, "He must have learned from the other children, about the trouble at the dam—"*

"What trouble?" Mona demanded in a taut voice.

Peggy told her what little she knew, then offered hesitantly, "David might have got worked up about it. About his father. Could the boy have gone to the dam to search out his father?"

"The guards don't let any one down on the works," Mona said flatly. "Especially, not a boy. But it's a lead—" and she stalked to the telephone.

The field office reported that Link Hanley

had not come off the job yet. Mona's clutch on the telephone was like the low frenzy of her voice, "Tell him it is important. Get the message to him somehow. Tell him his son is lost."

It was several minutes before the operator reported back. Mr. Hanley was directing emergency work. He said for his wife not to get excited, the boy would show up.

Mona sat then, staring straight ahead. "That's what comes of being married to—a job. The job has always come first." Then she lashed out, "Link Hanley wouldn't leave an emergency on the job if his own son were drowning before his eyes."

Drowning, the girl thought blankly. Drowning. Then suddenly, she remembered the day near the river, near the old bridge, the small boy's foolhardy trek across the cat-walk. Could David have gone there again today, for some obscure reason known

only to a young child's distorted reasoning?

His father had expressly forbidden the cat-walk. It might be reason enough in David's troubled mind, to do the forbidden thing, to court danger if he believed his father to be in danger, too. Perhaps the boy even courted another frightful whaling, as proof that his father cared enough about him to punish him.

It was far-fetched. Illogical perhaps. But the absurdity of her reasoning lessened as Peggy felt herself inexplicably drawn to the old bridge as a place to search for David. She rose to her feet. "There is a place David might be, Mrs. Hanley. My car is in front."

She and Mona stood together on the small hillock of sand where Peggy had stood weeks before, straining her eyes along the cat-walk. That day she had watched the faint white dot of color which was David's shirt, as he moved toward her. Today there was no movement. Only the swishing white ribbons of foam under the bridge, and it was already dusk. David's footsteps might have been less sure today. And the river was higher. Shuddering inwardly, Peggy left the hillock, walked toward the pilings of the bridge approach.

It was there she caught a glimpse of color on the sand. With a sharp cry to Mona, she ran to the boy.

He was sprawled on the sand, asleep. One grimy hand was outstretched and his face half hidden in his arm. The half of his face exposed was streaked with dried tears, and sand. Two limp banana skins and three torn wrappings from candy bars were strewn nearby. David may have cried himself to sleep after crossing the cat-walk, but he had done so on a full stomach.

Peggy looked up at Mona, saw that she, too, was standing stock still. At least she had not rushed at the boy, gathered him in her arms and moaned, "my baby." She only stood looking down at the sleeping child, the taut line of her body matching the strained lines of her set face.

Before she walked back to the car the girl had but one glimpse of the mother's eyes—a look of yearning and despair not meant for a stranger's glance. Stirred unaccountably by the older woman's fierce tenderness the girl thought, *How she must love David, to sacrifice her pride and her arrogance, by coming to me.*

Then Mona came toward the car swiftly. "I'll stay here. I want to be beside David . . . when he wakes up in the dark. Perhaps I can talk to him, then."

Peggy slid under the wheel and fitted her key in the ignition lock.

Mona raised an arresting hand. "Don't go yet, I—I will get around to . . . to thanking you."

"You needn't."

"I do. But I don't expect you to believe me when I say I'm sorry you had to be the one to scare some sense into Link."

"Scare him?"

"You didn't think for a minute he would carry through, on a flirtation?" she asked. "You wouldn't, if you'd watched ten years of flirtations. Ten years of Link Hanley's carrying on, with young, pretty girls."

"Then why—"

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Balancing My Wife's Books

BY CARL A. NOSSAMAN

Here's the lowdown on one husband's behind-the-scenes activity in a woman's club.

MY WIFE and I are the treasurer for a ladies' club. She collects the dues, pays the bills, and attends the meetings; I work behind the scenes and I do mean work. She was elected two years ago and re-elected last year on her fine record. I didn't assume my responsibilities until it came time for the first mid-year report.

The way I was eased into it then was a masterpiece of finesse. I see it now, but at the time I was an innocent lamb. The fact that she held such an honored position was not overly apparent the first six months. True, she started carrying a notebook and a little cloth bag to put the money in, and when she returned home from the meetings she would stack up coins in little piles and count them over and over while she mumbled to herself and made alterations in the notebook. Since all of this was done without my being called into consultation, I was happy with the whole thing and pleased to have such a capable mate.

Then one day it happened! That's not exactly right, either. It started out gradually evening by evening and by the end of the week I was in it up to my ears. The evening after one of the meetings, I was well settled with a book when she announced casually that she guessed she would take a few minutes and prepare the semi-annual report. If I remember correctly, I muttered "fine" and kept to my book. She poured all of the money out of a tin box that might be called the ultimate deposit box for the little sack that attended the meetings. Then she stacked it all in neat little piles and got busy with the notebook. I remember that she asked maybe half a dozen questions that evening, but I managed to answer them without serious loss to my reading.

That should have been all there was to it and I certainly thought she was all through with the report when she finally went to bed. Therefore, I was mildly startled the next evening when she again piled all of the money up into neat stacks and started thumbing through the notebook. There were a few more questions, perhaps a dozen that evening and again I assumed wrong when she went to bed. The third evening she didn't bother to stack the money, but spent most of her time with the notebook. I was asked to check some addition and found it off a mere dollar. She was very pleased with that and left me to my book for awhile. I was smart enough to make no reference to her mathematics.

The fourth evening I began to assume office. With a rather grim determination, she had gone back to her old system and stacked



The way I was eased into it then was a masterpiece of finesse.

all of the money. After counting it twice, she invited me into the game and had me count it. I did so and found no fault. Then she dragged out the notebook and showed me a total which was \$2.25 more than the money. She explained that it was especially bad to be over because if it were the other way she could afford to make up a little to save all the fuss, but she knew very well that she couldn't take the excess because it belonged to the club.

Within twenty minutes I was deep in one of the most amazing bookkeeping systems that I have ever seen. I'll say it was the most amazing and no argument. She had set a member's name on each line on one page and then had drawn vertical lines, forming a series of little boxes or squares across the page after each name. Each square represented a month and most of these squares had check marks in them which meant the member had paid

her dues for those months. That could have worked, but the notes on the next page were the things. There, in conscientious order, were such things as "Mary, paid \$1.00," "Wilma, owes 50c," "Polly, paid 87c." That last one led me to ask why Polly had paid such an odd amount. Polly hadn't paid it, the club had paid Polly for some cookie ingredients that she had used to bake for the U. S. O. How about Mary and her one dollar? Oh, she had paid ahead on her dues because she was going out of town and would miss some meetings. There was a page practically full of such notes. "Paid" was used recklessly to denote movement of money either in or out of the treasury. Were Mary's squares checked also? The elected treasurer thought so, but since she hadn't started another sheet for the next six months there would be one or two to check when she got it fixed.

(Continued on page 39)



HORS D'OEUVRES SPREADS

Hors d'oeuvres may be open or closed; plain or lightly toasted; you can spread them in any one of a hundred ways to suit your taste and ingenuity.

The small bite-size bread circles with toothpick inserts at left of tray are filled with bits of pickled herring; bread was cut with a teaspoon measure. Cut larger circles of white bread to match the circumference of a cucumber. These make attractive cucumber and mayonnaise sandwiches.

Spread crisp crackers (right end of tray) or Melba toast with wej-cut cream cheese, and place a dab of chutney on each one.

MAN-SIZE SANDWICH FILLING: Mash the content of one can of luncheon meat with a fork; add 3 tablespoonsful of chili sauce and 2 tablespoonsful of peanut butter. Mix well and spread generously on lightly buttered bread (white or rye). Or, mix 3 tablespoonsful of sweet pickle relish with the content of 1 can of mashed luncheon meat.

STUFFED CELERY: Use the crisp hearts of celery. Trim leaves, dry and chill, fill grooves with Roquefort cheese moistened with a little mayonnaise. **RADISH ROSES:** With a sharp knife, cut petals from top to bottom of radishes; place in a bowl of water and chill until ready to serve.

When Company Comes

There'll be many a festive get-together these long winter evenings ahead! Planned parties to honor our returning boys and pleasant evenings at home with friends.

Whatever the occasion, refreshments mark the high spot of every social event. And what hostess doesn't love to see her guests bask in the warm glow of gracious hospitality—never better expressed than with tempting food and refreshing drink.

Keep a supply of ready-to-use ingredients handy, and you'll be able to do yourself proud even when the crowd drops in unexpectedly.

Dinner hors d'oeuvres are designed to tease the appetite. They are usually less elaborate than those that take the place of a salad for a buffet supper or afternoon bridge. To make them, cut bread into fancy shapes with cookie cutters. Or, use a small baking powder can or a glass for cutting the circular shapes and a sharp knife to cut diagonal and small squares.

It goes without saying that the hors d'oeuvres spread suggestions given here can also be used for man-sized sandwiches. And these, incidentally, are the only kind to serve if your after dinner callers have driven a long way through the cold winter evening.

You'll find laughter more spontaneous and the conversation perk up when you bring on a tray full of goodies and cups of steaming coffee.



SANDWICH LOAF

Remove crusts from a day old loaf of white bread. Cut into four lengthwise slices. Spread slices with butter and, alternately, with cream cheese and tart jelly of any flavor. Place slices on top of each other and frost outside of loaf with cream cheese. You'll need a six ounce package of plain wej-cut cheese for both filling and frosting. Chill thoroughly in the refrigerator before serving. Or, spread slices with any desired filling; roll up and slice jelly roll fashion.



For best coffee results, brew at full capacity of coffee maker and serve at once. Use 2 level tbs. of coffee to each $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of freshly drawn water.

A novel way to give refreshments variety—spread crisp potato chips with cottage cheese which has been blended with sour cream and chopped capers.



Six Complete

This brand new year of peacetime living brings back the pleasure of planning meals, marketing and cooking. One by one the old favorites will reappear on our grocer's shelves. And if we still must conserve to help feed the rest of the world—no one minds making an occasional sacrifice.

We've included some recipes which, though seemingly simple to prepare, require a certain knack to bring out all of their natural goodness. For instance, that old American institution—ham and eggs. Yes, eggs may be dull or delicious depending on the tricks you'll use to make them smile up at you as they encircle the rosy fragrance of freshly fried ham. Don't forget a garnish of parsley here—if only for color.

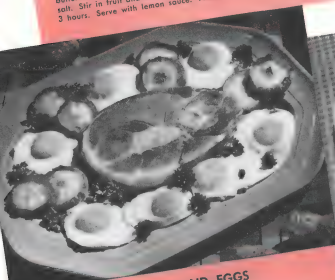
B Y K A T E V

STEAMED PUDDING

- 1/2 lb. seedless raisins
- 1/2 lb. currants
- 1/4 cup nutmeats (chopped)
- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 3/4 cup suet, finely chopped

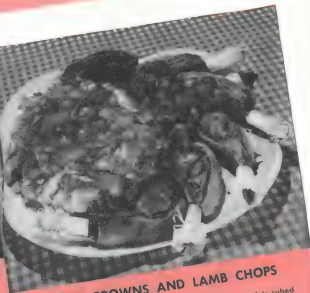
- 1/4 cup fruit juice (any flavor)
- 1 1/4 cups fine dry bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 tps. soda
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. salt

Combine fruit, nutmeats and dredge with 1 cupful of the flour. Beat eggs, add molasses, buttermilk, suet, fruit juice. Stir in bread crumbs, remaining flour, sifted with soda, spices, salt. Stir in fruit and nutmeats. Pour into greased 1 1/2- to 2-quart mold; cover and steam 3 hours. Serve with lemon sauce. Precede with thick vegetable soup and chicory salad.



FRIED HAM AND EGGS

HAM: Sauté pre-cooked ham slice in moderately hot slightly greased skillet. Brown lightly on both sides and cook until thoroughly heated. Skillet. Brown lightly on both sides and cook until thoroughly heated. Skillet. Slip eggs in one by one. Cook over moderate heat until the bottom is set. If you like eggs with a bit of crusty brown, increase the heat for a minute or two. Add 1/2 teaspoonful water for each egg, decreasing this amount slightly for each additional egg. Season with salt and pepper. Cover pan tightly and cook over low heat until eggs are cooked soft, medium or firm as desired. The result is a "poached" egg effect. Serve with fried apple slices and green vegetable. Cake with coffee for dessert.



HASH BROWNS AND LAMB CHOPS

Heat 2 tablespoonfuls fat in frying pan and add 4 cupfuls cubed cooked potatoes. Moisten with about 1/4 cupful water and cook over a low flame without stirring until brown on the bottom. Turn over on serving dish or fold like an omelet. **BROILED LAMB CHOPS:** Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper; place on rack in preheated broiler, 3 inches away from flame. Broil about 6 minutes or until brown. Turn and brown other side. Serve with spinach, followed by Apple Betty and coffee or milk.

Winter Menus

Ever try making hash brown potatoes and wonder how to get an appetizing golden brown crust without scorching them? It's timing does it, and a bit of patience, too. For too high a flame will scorch the potatoes before a good crust can form.

Our special pride this month is a virtually foolproof recipe for that nemesis of all cooks—cheese soufflé. Follow the directions carefully and you can feel securely confident when you serve it with nary a fear of last minute deflation.

As for steamed pudding, make double the recipe given here, if yours is a large family. For unlike most foods, steamed pudding improves with age and may be left to ripen in a cool place for many weeks.

A N D O R E N



OATMEAL BREAD

1 pint boiling water
2 cups quick oats
½ cup brown sugar
Pour water over oats in bowl. Add ½ cup cold milk
½ yeast cakes
3¼ to 6 cups flour, sifted
2 tps. salt
2 lbs. margarine, melted

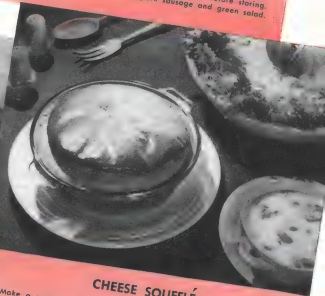
becomes only warm, crumble in yeast. Add 2 cupfuls of the flour. Beat until smooth. Let stand in warm place until light and bubbly. Stir in salt, melted margarine, remaining sugar. Add remaining flour and knead until smooth. Brush over with margarine and cover closely. Let stand until double in bulk. When light again form into 2 loaves and place in well-greased pans. Brush over tops with melted shortening, mixed with a little beaten egg. Sprinkle with oats. Let stand until doughlike in bulk. Bake in moderately hot (375° F.) oven for 55 to 60 minutes. Cool thoroughly before storing. Especially good with a quicky supper of baked beans, pork sausage and green salad.



FRIED OYSTERS

1 pint Blue Point oysters
flour
1 egg
1 lbs. milk
dash, salt and pepper
1 cup dry bread crumbs (about)

Drain oysters and roll in flour. Beat egg lightly, add milk, salt and pepper. Dip oysters in egg mixture and roll in crumbs. Fry in deep fat heated to 390° F. for about one minute or until golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper. Good with baked potatoes, carrots, green salad. For dessert, spice cake, coffee.



CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

Make a sauce by blending 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful dry mustard; gradually stir in ¾ cupful milk until mixture thickens. Add ½ lb. processed American cheese, cut into small pieces; stir until cheese melts. Add 4 beaten egg yolks; cook 2 minutes more. Beat 4 eggwhites until stiff, not dry. Carefully fold ¼ of cheese mixture into eggwhites. Continue adding cheese mixture in fourths. (Make not more than 6 folds for each fourth of mixture.) Pour into buttered 1 quart casserole. Place in dish containing ½ in. water and 2 pieces of paper. Bake in slow (325° F.) oven 1¼ to 1½ hours. Good with broccoli, baked sweets; fruit salad.



Enough mincemeat for a year. Four cups of sugar are all you need to sweeten this recipe!

BY LOLA M. ARMSTRONG

EVERY housewife is familiar with the disappointed look on the faces of her family when told at the end of a dinner that there isn't any dessert because there just wasn't enough sugar to prepare it. Seeing such looks all too often was what prompted me to experiment with an original recipe for mincemeat that would actually make it possible to prepare luscious mince pies at the rate of seven and a half pies to one cup of sugar.

Perhaps the fact that I live on a farm made this easier for me, since having our home-killed beef solved the problem of meat. Yet, the recipe calls for only 8 cups of cooked meat, ground fine. Since this meat can be the brisket of the animal the cost of meat will be low if one has to purchase it.

The list of ingredients for making mincemeat is always rather an imposing one, and no one tries to say that it is the cheapest pie that can be made. But is it good! The smell alone of hot mince pie just does something to you that you can't measure in dollars and cents. The spicy odors filling the kitchen on bake day, followed by the deep satisfying pleasure the family has while eating the pies seem to make up the very essence of the good things that America has always had. So—if you are willing not to count the cost too closely, here is a way that you can make a really excellent mincemeat that will give your family many happy meals topped off by the queen of dessert.

The preparation to the actual making of the mincemeat is the hardest work of all. I found the best working plan to be one where I divided the tasks into two parts. First of all I cooked the meat which I salted just as I would have done had it been going to be served on the table. Raisins should be soaked overnight and then cooked in the water in which they were soaked; the same is true of the currants. When all cooked products have been thoroughly cooled they may be combined with the raw apples which have been ground coarse, and, one tablespoon of salt. To put it in easily-consolidated fashion, the first part of your mincemeat making should consist of the following:

- 8 cups of salted meat, ground fine
- 2 pounds of raisins and the juice in which cooked
- 1 pound of currants and the juice in which cooked
- 24 cups of raw peeled apples, ground coarse
- 1 tablespoon salt

Combine the above ingredients, mixing well. The longer it stands the better blended will be the flavor, so there need be no rush and hurry connected with the work.

Next comes the part that must be cooked. And yes, it is easy to see how one gets by with so little sugar. White syrup is the

Save Sugar

WITH THIS DELICIOUS MINCEMEAT

answer. It is indeed a joy to find that the finished product of syrup-made mincemeat is equal in every respect to that made with all sugar. But on with the recipe:

Mix 4 cups of sugar with the following—

- 6 cups of white syrup
- 6 cups of any desired fruit juice (I found peach juice grand)
- 1 brimming cup of vinegar
- 3 lbs. of cinnamon
- 1 lbs. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. ground cloves

Heat the above to boiling point and then completely cool before combining with other mixture.

A ripening process is perhaps the key to the making of good mincemeat, and therefore you should give careful thought to what type of container you use in which to do the final mixing and storing. I have found that large stone jars are the best but, of course, one could use any well-enamelled kettle. Aluminum, galvanized containers or tin should not be used. The mincemeat should ripen for at least three days before it is canned. Canning should be done in a pressure cooker, processing the product at ten pounds for forty minutes.

You can also make splendid use of your mincemeat supply by giving lunch box carriers a change from the usual dessert. Use a double crust pie dough recipe and divide pastry in two; roll to 5/8-inch thickness and cut into twelve, 4-inch squares. On six squares, center a generous dab of mincemeat and moisten the edges of pastry with water. Make a small gash in center of remaining six squares and place on top of mincemeat covered squares. Press edges together and bake in hot (450°F.) oven 20-25 minutes.

One final word about that gay day in the near or far distant future when you decide to open a jar of mincemeat to have pie for your family. You will really feel wonderful about it. Not one grain of sugar do you have to add when you bake the pie and think you can have that thrill thirty times out of the recipe just given! You might add the juice of one orange to the mincemeat and it will have that special something that will make other women's eyebrows go up in a questioning look of pleased wonder.

Delightfully Different

PRIZE WINNING CULINARY SECRETS

Please continue sending us your culinary secrets. They are good reading for all of us who take pleasure in cooking. There'll be more "secrets" and "Delightfully Different" recipes published next month and \$1.00 will be paid for each.

Ground nutmeg adds an intriguing flavor to ground beef or a combination of ground veal, pork and beef for meat loaf. The proportion is $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful ground nutmeg to 1 pound of meat.

MRS. D. GANSON, Fair Haven, N. J.

When baking apples put a stick of peppermint candy inside the apples and you'll get an unusual flavor.

MRS. D. E. WILLIAMS, Hartford, Conn.

I always add juice of one-half lemon to all of my fruit pies. It removes the flat taste of some fruits.

MRS. FLORENCE HEDGES, Danbury, Conn.

Freeze tomato juice in cubes and add to sauerkraut juice served in cocktail glasses.

MRS. GRACE M. BOWERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

In making hot breads or rolls, caraway seed pinch-hits very well for poppy seed which is now so scarce.

MRS. ERNEST LA FOND, Holyoke, Mass.

Save the skins of baked potatoes, cut skins in quarters or strips; spread with butter, sprinkle with salt and heat in oven until crisp. Serve at once instead of crackers.

MRS. H. E. CHRISMAN, Scottsbluff, Nebr.

Spread sour cream (instead of butter) on fish fillets before broiling. Delicious and economical!

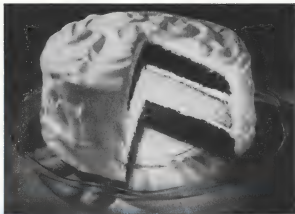
MRS. GEORGE PEABODY, Vergennes, Vt.

Try replacing water with port wine next time you bake apples for dessert. Especially nice when you have company for dinner.

H. HOWINGTON, Detroit, Mich.

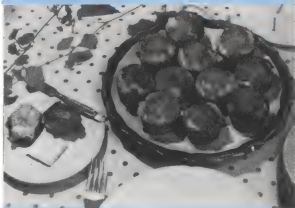
Soak round steak in ice cold tomato juice for an hour or two, then dip into flour and fry. It's delicious and oh so tender!

MRS. A. C. TRAUTWEIN, Buffalo, N. Y.



ARABIAN RIBBON CAKE

Sift 3 cups cake flour, add 3 tps. baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, and sift together 3 times. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar gradually; cream together until light and fluffy. Add 3 unbeaten egg yolks, one at a time, beating thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, a small amount at a time. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff and fold into batter. Fill 1 greased 9-inch layer pan with $\frac{1}{2}$ mixture. To remaining mixture add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tps. cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nutmeg; blend well. Turn into 2 greased 9-inch layer pans. Bake layers in moderate (375° F.) oven 20 to 25 minutes. Spread layers with your favorite frosting and arrange white layer between spice layers. Spread frosting on top and sides of cake.



GLAZED MYSTERY MUFFINS

Cut 2 tbs. vitaminized margarine into 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups self rising cake flour. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raw grated carrots. Beat 2 eggs until light, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and 1 tsp. grated orange rind. Add to dry ingredients with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Stir, do not overmix. Bake in lightly greased muffin pans in hot (400° F.) oven 25-30 minutes. Spread muffin tops with marmalade. Return to oven about 2 minutes.

CRANBERRY CATSUP

Cook 2 lbs. cranberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar and 2 cups water together until berry skins pop open. Put through fine sieve. Combine $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups brown sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups corn syrup, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt. Cook 5 minutes more. Seal in sterile jars. Yield: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints catsup.





Women Won't Stay in the Home!

BY FRIEDA S. MILLER

Director Women's Bureau, United States Department of Labor

An authority speaks frankly on a much debated subject.

LET'S face the issue squarely. Let's not be emotional about it. What's going to happen to all the women who have been working outside the home? Will they go back to their kitchens? Will they be housewives again—with their only outside interest an occasional club meeting?

Countless women, possibly ten million, have been involved in wartime shifts—whether they moved from less essential to wartime employment or from home to paid occupations.

Many of these women will not be able to get married, simply because war took their men away at the time when they were of marriageable age. Many of these women who are married find that their husbands are returning to them physically or psychologically incapacitated. In other cases, the marriages are being broken. Long separations or hasty war marriages are causing divorces.

These are just a few of the reasons why wishful thinking of employers wanting to get rid of women offers no solution. A man who believed it did, said, "Now that peace is here, let the women workers go back to their kitchens." To which an unmarried professional woman replied, "Will you take me into your home as your second wife?"

Opposed to these employers are the industrialists who wish to keep the women workers because feminine fingers are more sensitive and supple and are particularly adept at precision work. Manufacturers of delicate gun mechanisms, for instance, where parts have to be accurate within 1/20th of a hair's breadth, found to their surprise that women were better at the work than men.

Manufacturers know—and women know—that without women's diligence and dexterity the timetables for planes, ships and guns could not have been met.

Most women accept the justice of veteran priority to jobs. This also applies, incidentally, to ex-servicewomen! But severe hardships will ensue both to married and single women and their families if we have

a forced wholesale sweep of women back to the home. *In order even to have homes, some millions of women must be wage earners!*

The unvarnished fact is this: While the war gave the employment of women outside the home a sudden boost, *the war did not put women to work. Before Pearl Harbor there were over ten million women working outside the home, with two million looking in vain for work.* The percentage of women working outside the home has been steadily increasing for years.

Perhaps this helps to explain why eighty per cent of the women interviewed recently by the Women's Bureau said they wished to continue to work after the war.

"To help buy a home," is one of the most usual reasons given for continued employment. Forty-year-old Mrs. Williams radiated happiness as she proudly surveyed her cheerful living room. Her weekly thirty-five dollars earned in a Springfield plant making walkie-talkies has made it possible for her husband to start buying this home they've coveted for years. Already they've made substantial down payments, but she'll have to continue her wage earning for several years to meet the obligations.

Mrs. Sadie Brown, a laundry worker in Dayton has many duplicates all over the country—"It's not a question of whether I want a job after the war. I've simply got to work. You can't sit down and do nothing unless you're rich. My husband and I just got married before he went into the Marine Corps. When he comes back we'll have to buy furniture and set up housekeeping. He'll have to go on supporting his mother, and I'll have to help my family."

Ellen Featherstone, formerly a beauty parlor operator, but now in a ball-bearing plant, declares she must either keep her forty-five dollar a week job or find an equivalent since she is the sole support of her blind father and his family.

More than three. (Continued on page 39)



The Baldwins

Who Says You Can't Sleep!

BY CLIFFORD PARCHER

Gadgets, food, exercise, a philosophy—all are here. It's the most complete article we've read on insomnia.

WHY the heck shouldn't you sleep? If you're thirty years old, you've devoted approximately ten years of your life to sleep. After all, experience counts for something! Then there are thousands of articles and dozens of books on the subject. If you can't profit from your own experience, think of all the other people who are eager to help you by quoting from theirs. They've even invented scores of gadgets to make you cure sure-fire.

The favorite panacea down through the years has been counting little sheep as they flit over a fence. The only advantage of this method is that it keeps you from thinking more disturbing thoughts. But we'll skip this, because you've probably already tried it without success.

Here's a honey! Charles Dickens and many more otherwise intelligent people have been convinced that the head of the bed should point toward the north to take advantage of electrical forces from the magnetic poles.



We know a man who has a pet faucet drip that lulls him into unconsciousness immediately!

Pure, unadulterated bunk! But you *might* move your bed so the foot points to a blank wall instead of a couple of windows. Light has a tendency to interfere with sleep.

And that suggests the first of the gadgets we're going to consider. Made of black fabric, narrow in the middle, bulging out on either side, and with tapes to tie in back, it's called a halter. On second thought, we got the wrong piece of harness—these are blinders! Very neat and a bit more comfortable than a handkerchief tied around the eyes, the manufactured gadget seems to be justified only for workers on the graveyard shift and society gals who dance all night—or aren't there any of the latter nowadays?

Should you eat before you go to bed? Ah,



the answer to that question depends upon which of two pronounced schools of thought you want to join—the Eats or the Eat-Nots. The former school says that you must take aboard a good load of food to prevent hunger pangs which would otherwise wreck your sleep. The latter swears that any food taken into the stomach at bedtime draws blood to the digestive organs and causes activity which will keep you awake. The sensible answer seems to be to try a light snack, preferably involving a drink of warm milk or other liquid, and see how it works out. You're likely to find it helpful.

The amount of air to be admitted to the bedroom during the night hours is another argumentative point. Prevailing custom has ranged all the way from the good old days when night air was considered poisonous to the more recent belief that windows should all but be pulled out of the frames, regardless of temperature. Again, moderation is the answer. A window that is open an inch will admit plenty of air for two people, and the best brains tell us that fifty-five degrees is an ideal sleeping level.

Sound effects can be helpful or harmful, depending upon their nature. Maybe you'll sleep like a top if you live next the prover-

bial boiler factory, but we'll hope that you reside in a quieter neighborhood, especially if sleeping is any problem to you. There's no question about it, noise *does* interfere with sleep. If there's a busy fire station across the street, if trolleys clank by during your sleeping hours, or even if your sleep-sharer is an expert snorer, by all means stuff cotton in your ears. And if that doesn't do the trick,



There are two schools of thought—the Eats and Eat-Nots. If you're the former, snack lightly.

look up the gadget that combines cotton and wax to form a plug that's practically sound-proof.

On the other hand, controlled noise sometimes induces sleep. We know a man who has a pet faucet drip that lulls him into unconsciousness immediately, and it's said that nothing puts Jack Benny to sleep so fast as the sound of the clippety-clop of an old nag, played on his talking machine. That reminds us! The gadgeteers have prepared a record on which a sleep expert with a soothing voice tells you how to drop off. And there's a music-box arrangement with a sleepy dwarf playing the Brahms Lullaby.

It sounds silly to say that waking up has anything to do with going to sleep, but the whole question of (Continued on page 37)



If you take a book to bed, don't make it an exciting one. You'll feel wild instead of sleepy!



JN1. Make this dainty sweater for your little girl. She will love its ruffly frill with contrasting edge. The openwork pattern is worked in single crochet stitch and clusters. Directions are for sizes 4 and 6. Cost of thread is about \$2.25.

JN2. Pullover for party occasions. Or, for every day if you choose a darker shade. Dumbo design is stitched on by following a chart after knitting is completed. Instructions are for toddlers' sizes 2 and 3. Cost of making approximately \$1.40.



JN4. New as the year—a cleverly designed purse with simple closing and wide loop for carrying. It is single crochet stitched in a glowing shade of red and lined with sturdy felt of matching color.



JN5. Tote all your trinkets and have room to spare in this capacious oblong handbag. It is made in four separate sections which are joined with single crochet stitch. Besides thread you will need $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of felt or sturdy material for the lining and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard ribbon to line strap.

Women's and Children's

How to acquire a new hat or an extra purse without having to forfeit a king's ransom? It's no problem for the woman who knows how to ply her needle. But even after all reconversion problems have been solved and postwar prices become more settled, there's nothing like giving your wardrobe and your children's clothes the personal touch with your own creations.

We're especially taken with the irresistible designs illustrated here. Styled to give protection at this coldest season they'll accent your toddler's beguiling charm.

BY LOUISE



JN3. Toasties insure the comfort of warm hands for hours of healthful outdoor play. Knit these mittens in stockinette stitch with all wool worsted. Thread will come to about 87c.



JN6. Here's how to acquire chic and a refreshing change of accessories. Stitch a roll beanie to rest smartly atop your sleek hairdo and make a purse to match. There's magic, too, in the becoming contrast of soft veiling and sparkling clips.

Children's Firsts

You'll be glad to know the thread specified in the directions will wash beautifully and with careful handling there's no danger that the colors will run or fade. Always lift your precious handwork from the water with both hands to avoid loss of shape by straining the fibers. Stuff hats and pocketbooks with tissue paper and dry away from heat. Directions are printed on separate leaflets. They are priced 6 cents each. Please order by number. Address Readers' Service Department, *Everywoman's Magazine*, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

BUTLER



JN7. Sister's dress combines story book charm with sturdy wearing quality. Stitching is a combination of single and double crochet. For sizes 2 and 3. Wool thread costs about \$3.50.



JN10. More precious than money can buy, these hand knitted all wool jumpers are just the thing to slip on at a moment's notice when the weather takes a turn for the worse. Cost of making is about \$1.75 (left) and \$2.32 (right).



JN8. High-necked dickey for all occasions. The openwork design is crocheted with a combination of basic stitches. A gleaming row of buttons and bosom front make it especially nice to wear with your winter suits. Approximate cost of thread is 75c.



JN11. Crochet a becoming turban in your favorite winter shade. This one is soft turquoise, the tassel brown. It is worked in the simplest of stitches and costs only about 75c to make. If you like, sew some brilliant sequins or small colored beads in the tassel for added sparkle.



JN12. Brother's suit carries out the masculine version of youthful charm. It is crocheted in single and double crochet stitch for sizes 2 and 3. Colors are skipper blue, white and a touch of scarlet trim.





W. & J. Dixon

This modern furniture for a one-room apartment is filled with new and space-saving ideas. The unusual sofa-bed is intricately designed with an eye to convenient storage room for bedclothes in the back section. The headboard top forms a shelf for knick knacks and adds a decorative value.

What's the New Trend in Furniture?

BY MAUDE HILL BASSERMAN



Freda Diamond

Some folks seemed to think that the day after V-J Day would see postwar wonders whirling off the assembly lines and that, within a few months, we'd all be using walkie talkie sets, commuting by helicopters and living with furniture miles removed from that of prewar time. Some folks were pretty crazy!

Wiser people realized that reconversion of plants and factories to peacetime production would take time and that manufacturers would make—first, at least—furniture which would follow that which they had made, and profited by making, in former days. That's just what has happened. That doesn't mean, however, that there isn't any new trend in furniture design. Now the months have begun to roll by, we find that new trend taking shape.

It's no fallacy that all sound changes in the designs of basic furniture come slowly. Always beware of the overnight flare-ups. Remember, for example, the first "Moderne" furniture that sneaked onto our particular horizon along about 1925? Remember the tortured, angular lines of those chairs? They looked as though one of the super-Cubists had been let loose in a designing room and had gone completely haywire. They were horrible to look at and they were worse to sit on and to get up out of. Some of the tables started out in one direction and wandered all over the map before they finally finished up going absolutely nowhere. The

lamp designs of those days, too, weren't they something? Be-beaded and be-fringed, stemming in inspiration from what seemed to be a slightly drunken Chinese pagoda. To read by one of them was the neatest trick of the week. Light didn't have a chance of getting through all that spinach! Where did all that "decor" end up? Right in the junk heap where it belonged in the first place!

More recently, countless have been the atrocities rolled off the assembly lines of mass production in the name of "Modern." At a dealer's furniture show a few years ago I was absolutely appalled when I saw and examined closely several lines of mass-produced "Modern." There were mammoth pieces of furniture such as bureaus, for example, with fronts decorated with great swirls of cheap, garishly toned veneers and with huge mirrors topping them. Everything for "effect"—if one could call it that. The worst possible kind of construction throughout. Made of the cheapest kind of wood imaginable, with drawers that would stick and with the backs and the insides of the pieces not even finished. None of it could stand up under average everyday use. None of it could hold together for more than a very short time. All of it was dreadful. And they sold it! And they sold it high, wide and handsome and all I hope is that none of you got stuck with it. If you did I'm sure you're both sadder and wiser today.

We are not having a repetition of screwball



W. & J. Sloan

Light-weight, easy-to-keep-clean furniture is going to rate high in popularity with the purchasers of today's and tomorrow's home furnishings. This set has comfort plus.



W. & J. Sloan

A dinette set lacquered white except for table legs which are natural-finished red birch for contrast.

designing of furniture in this present era. The newest Modern is light in construction, easy to move around and to keep clean and is both attractive and comfortable. Furthermore, it's on its way down into the lower income brackets in both good design and construction and that is very encouraging to see.

Summed up in a few words, the new furniture trend seems to be on the right track because it is slanted toward simple, clean lines in design with the accent on comfort and good sense. It borrows freely from the best of the past and we find many, many indications of the influence of the perennially dependable eighteenth century craftsmen in today's translations.

If you're the kind of person who just doesn't go for all-out Modern furniture and who is beginning to be very fearful that traditional furniture is something that will no longer have any interest attached to it—stop worrying. Although Modern furniture takes the major spotlight there are indications that lovers of the traditional are in for some interesting developments, too. One nationally known furniture firm has just brought out a brand-new line of bedroom furniture that is completely traditional in feeling yet wholly modern in its functional aspects. Sounds like quite a trick, doesn't it? It was, but they've done it beautifully. They've taken a classic eighteenth-century design and used it in chests and bureaus that are made the same height so that they are completely coordinated and can be used in units, just as most strictly modern furniture can be used. And practically all of these pieces would make good living room or hall pieces. The wood used is mahogany and the finish has all of the warmth and depth of patina that is found on fine antiques. Provision is made, too, for spacious drawers and lots of them and that's another excellent feature of today's modern thinking. This particular line is still in the higher priced class but it's my guess that it won't be long before the same type of thing will be scaled down budget-wise.

Still another interesting new interpretation of the traditional in terms of today is the making of fine old eighteenth-century designs in light woods. (Continued on page 40)



Freda Diamond

The twin chests shown in this bedroom are designed to go together and would be just as smart for a living room or foyer. These are among the first budget-priced pieces in truly good design.



Freda Diamond

A new design in bedroom furniture produced in limed oak and planned for pocketbooks that need to be handled with care. A good idea for new home-makers. The chests could be used elsewhere in your home later on and the night tables would make interesting sofa end tables.

WHEN SHIPS COME IN

(Continued from page 6)

"I didn't bring much money with me, and what I did bring I aim to keep so's we can get home."

Susie didn't say no more after that, but neither of us slept much. The next morning she was cooking breakfast when I woke up. I dressed and washed and set down at the table. Susie looked at me kind of queer. She said she hoped we didn't have so much trouble going home.

"I hope so myself. Anyway, I'm shore glad you got that crazy notion out of your head. You'll have the rest of your life to see the ocean."

She nodded slowly. "Yes—all the rest of my life. But I'll never see it." She turned her back to me and went on dishing up breakfast.

There was something bad wrong. I felt it more than I could see it. Made me think of how I'd saved and scrimped all one year to get me a shotgun, only to have Tommy fall out of an apple tree and break his arm in two places. My shotgun money went to pay the doctor.

SUSIE'S pillow looked a little too smooth to have been slept on. I walked to the bed and turned the pillow over. It was wet with tears.

I set back down at the table, but every bite I eat stuck in my throat. Susie kept on saying how glad she'd be to get back home, but she wasn't fooling me.

The bill, cabin and all, come to eighteen dollars. We headed down the road. Before long Susie said: "Al, I don't believe we came this way."

I believe I'd have busted if it hadn't come out: "Susie, you've never failed me, and I don't aim to fail you. Besides, I never did like to leave anything half done. We'll go to them boats coming across that ocean if we get there on all four rims."

I wouldn't have took money for the look in Susie's face right then. She moved over close and said: "You love me, don't you, Al?"

Of course, I did, and I told her so.

That jalopy whizzed along all morning sweet as you please. Reckon I failed to knock on wood or something, though, for, right in the hottest part of the day, there was a roar like a cannon. It was the left front tire.

When I got the tube out there was a hole in it three times as long as the biggest patch I had, but maybe I could lap the patches on the tube.

FOR the first time, Susie got out and looked around—she even offered to help. When things were pretty well scattered about, up come a shiny car and stopped. A dapper looking feller come over and wanted to know if I was having trouble. I was mad enough to ask if he was blind, but I just mumbled something and went on fixing the tube. By and by, I heard him laugh.

"That's a new one on me. You're putting those patches on like shingles, aren't you, uncle?"

Now, I am old enough to be called that, but not so old there isn't a good thing left in me. I dropped that tube and riz up. If that feller's mouth hadn't been spread across his face in a grin, I'd have took a poke at it. But you can't hit a face so friendly looking as his was. So I went on fixing the tube and

found that my last patch wasn't going to cover the rest of the hole. He said that he had some in his car and went to get them. When he came back he had patches and a big boot. Boys, was I glad to see that! I asked him how much it was worth. He wouldn't take a penny for it!

While I was fixing the tire, we talked, and the time he wasn't talking to me, he was talking to Susie. She took a liking to him right off the bat, and I was wondering why. Then I saw that this young feller looked some like our Tommy.

SUSIE told him that she'd come hundreds of miles and had saved her butter and egg money all summer so that she could see the ocean that her boy had gone over.

I thought he never would stop asking questions. Sometimes he would write in a notebook. He wanted to know all about where we lived—the farm and everything. Fact of the matter is, he asked so many fool questions, I thought maybe he didn't have real good sense.

Then he told Susie that there was a fine view of the ocean about a mile farther on. That was the best thing I'd heard in a long time. He said that he'd stop and show us.

We come on it all at once when we rounded a curve. Well, sir, it was something like a slap in the face, and it just about took my breath. . . It wasn't a pond! And I felt right cheap for saying such a thing. I pulled over, off the road, and stopped. Me and Susie got out and walked to where we could get a better look. The ground sloped right down to the shore, and a white beach stretched away on each side for miles. We just stood there and stared. I'd seen pictures of the ocean—moving pictures, too—but I'd never seen, or felt, anything like this in all my born days.

Susie didn't say anything—just looked and looked. She never was much for talk, but her face was saying a plenty without a word.

The sun was shining through a thin mist. A long ways out, I saw something dim that I reckoned was a ship, but that was all I could see except water.

"Al," said Susie, "it is the ocean, isn't it?" "I reckon it is. Anyway, it's the biggest thing that ever hit my eyes."

We walked right down to where the breakers come rolling in. I got so close one wet my shoes. I don't know how long we stood there just looking, and that ship getting bigger and bigger.

Susie stared out across that water like she might be trying hard to see the other side. Finally, she got hold of my hand.

"Al, Tommy's over there, someplace. He never will come back—I know that. But, in a way, they're all our boys—every last one of them—and they'll be happy to get home. I—I never dreamed the ocean would be like this. It's helped me to understand things that I never would have understood if I hadn't seen it. . . Al, it's something that gets right down into one's soul and makes him know how big God is."

I tried to say something, but it wouldn't come up, so I just held on to Susie's hand tighter.

" . . . And, Al, He's big enough to take care of our boy, too."

There were tears in Susie's eyes when she turned around. "Why, where is that young man? I'd forgotten all about him."

WE LOOKED for him in every direction, but he had disappeared.

When we got back to the jalopy, right there on the front seat was an envelope. I opened it.

Susie come close and looked . . . There was not a scrap of writing. Just five ten dollar bills so new they crackled. I thought they might be counterfeit. Susie, by George, she didn't. She folded the bills and put them in her own pocketbook.

Have you ever had a old tooth that nigh kill you for days, and then had it stop hurting all at once? That was some like me and the jalopy. Not a speck of trouble all the way home!

We had hardly settled down to every day life again, when one day, I got a package at the postoffice addressed to: "Mrs. Susie Stone."



"They talk about me behind my back!"

I couldn't hardly wait for Susie to open that package . . . Well, sir, there was a big picture—a purty colored picture—and right there on the beach was me and Susie, just as we had stood holding hands—even the ship was plain, too. But not a word of writing could we find—not till we turned the picture over, and there, in printed letters, were the words: WHEN SHIPS COME IN.

HER HAND IN CLAY

(Continued from page 9)

On Western Avenue she had to wait for the stop sign. A bus halted before her. Carrie's hand went to her pocket. If only she could get on the bus and take her gift to Daddy! She'd never be able to give it to him now.

The light changed, and Carrie stepped in front of the bus to cross over, but suddenly on the opposite corner, she saw two ladies in the neighborhood, standing in front of Hymen's store. They had seen her, she knew, for their faces were assuming very kind expressions.

Carrie retreated to the curb and stood irresolute, as frightened as if she were in physical danger. She just couldn't face any more ladies today. But there was no place to hide.

"All on?" she heard the bus driver query as he craned his neck to see if he could shut his door.

"Wait!" cried Carrie impulsively. And then she was on the bus, pushing through the crowded aisle. She came to a stop, wedged between two workmen carrying tin lunch boxes, and she stood there all the way to the stop where Daddy's office was.

She waited in the Personnel office while they located her father. She expected that he would be changed. A month was a long time. She felt so much older. Would his hair be gray? His shoulders stooped? But there he was, as handsome and wonderful as ever! She clung to him, secure once more.

"Why, Carrie!" he kept exclaiming softly, "What in the world are you doing here? Are you all alone?"

The people in the office were watching. Carrie was suddenly shy. "I—I just wanted to see you," she whispered.

"We can't talk here," he said. "Look. I was just leaving. You wait here while I check out, and then I'll be back for you. We'll—we'll have supper together."

IT WAS just like old times until they neared the entrance to the building and Daddy led her out of the crowd toward a lady who was standing there. Instinctively Carrie stiffened. This was the enemy.

"Sally," said Daddy to the lady, "this is my little girl, Carrie. She came all the way on the bus alone just to see me!" He sounded very proud and pleased.

"Why, how nice!" exclaimed Sally. Her voice was sort of harsh and twangy. She smiled down at Carrie, but Carrie didn't smile back. She held tight to Daddy's hand, regarding the enemy suspiciously. She had to admit Sally was pretty. Even prettier than Mama—well, flashier—She had platinum hair and long very black eyelashes, and the sequin trimming on her green dress sparkled in the afternoon sunshine. She looked like Lana Turner, all color and freshness and laughter. Except for her eyes. They didn't smile at all. They were wary, like the eyes of a wild stray cat Carrie had once cornered in her back yard.

"I invited Carrie to join us for supper," said Daddy.

"How nice!" said Sally, again with too much enthusiasm.

They all sat in the front seat of Daddy's car, Carrie in the middle, and Sally put her arm around her. Carrie resented that, but what could she say? And what would Mama say if she could see her? She felt like a traitor.

CARRIE wanted to talk to Daddy. She wanted to tell him about Mama and Peter and how much they all wanted him back again. Perhaps she'd have a chance to talk to him alone later.

Daddy and Sally were talking about their work and the people they knew at the office, and Carrie sat silently between them.

Once Sally said, looking at Carrie. "I like your little girl. She's a sweet little thing."

"Do you?" asked Daddy. "I'm glad because—"

But just then they were passing a red brick building with a big sign saying "Rudy's," and Daddy didn't finish. He turned into the drive. They entered a big room filled with a lot of black-topped tables, only a few of which were occupied. Most of the people in the room were at the far end of it, sitting at a long bar with mirrors and bottles in back of it.

Daddy ordered beef barbecues and French fries, and there was nothing Carrie liked better, but she didn't feel very hungry. A juke box was playing, "Some Day I'll See You Again," and Sally said to Daddy, "Dance?"

THEN he was drifting away with Sally close in his arms. She looked up at him possessively, and Carrie sat alone at the table, wishing she hadn't come.

Daddy didn't really want her here, he wanted to be alone with Sally. And Sally disliked her. She didn't know how she knew, but she knew.

The music made her feel sad and lonesome, and suddenly she felt very angry at Daddy. It wasn't fair for him to be here, having a good time with another lady while Mama sat home and cried.

Daddy and Sally were back at the table now. Carrie stood up. "Daddy," she said, "it's late. I've got to go home."

"But your dinner," protested Daddy. "You haven't finished it."

"Yes, do stay awhile longer," urged Sally in that cold twangy voice.

They didn't really mean it, Carrie was sure. They were just being kind, like the ladies in the neighborhood. They were sorry for her.

"But I have to go," she said. "Mama will be worried."

At the mention of Mama's name, Carrie saw a hurt, almost guilty look spread over Daddy's face, and Sally sat very still, but the rouge on her cheeks looked brighter.

CARRIE knew she shouldn't have mentioned Mama, but suddenly she wanted very much to bring her here with words to let them both see what they had done to her. But then they would feel sorry for Mama, and Carrie didn't want that.

Being pitied was the most terrible, terrifying and unhappy feeling in the world.

"Mama's having a big party tonight," she lied impulsively. "I mustn't be late for it."

She saw their surprise, and she decided she might as well make them open their eyes a little wider. "It's a farewell party," she con-

(Continued on page 29)



Now you can have dozens of different kinds of cream cheese sandwiches. Sound impossible? It isn't! For BORDEN'S WEJ-CUT CREAM CHEESE comes in four delicious varieties. And each of 'em can be varied endlessly . . . like this:



1. Try Plain Wej-Cut with chopped raisins, or nuts. Or with tart jam, or jelly.
2. Try Relish Wej-Cut with sliced tomato, or with deviled ham.
3. Try Chive Wej-Cut with crisp bacon, or with hard-cooked egg.
4. Try Pimento Wej-Cut blended with chili sauce and mashed shrimps, or with cole slaw on whole-wheat bread.

Note on nourishment. Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese packs a lot of nourishment into a lunch box. So rich in butterfat, you don't need butter on the bread. And thanks to its sealed wrapper, you can keep it unopened in your refrigerator for weeks! Each Wej-Cut makes 6 to 8 man-sized sandwiches.



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BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



Pajamas That Will Fit You—

● Now the ladies of the family can be sleepytime twins. Gagey and Lord pastel plaid cotton on a white ground in man-tailored garments cut in proportional sizes to fit tall, medium or short figures. Daughter's pajamas come in sizes 4, 6 and 8, \$3.50; 10, 12 and 14, \$4.95. Grown-up version (sizes 32 to 40) costs about \$6.

FOR some strange reason, hitherto not clear to puzzled and dissatisfied customers, the manufacturers of women's wear—until only recently—cut all garments to fit the tall, slim beauties we see gracing the advertisements of today's magazines. But statistics show that most American women are really in the five-foot-four class, not to mention pint-size editions and six-footers who are ignored altogether.

At long last, some houses are beginning to do something about proportioning garments to fit different size groups in the same way men's garments have long been cut. This eliminates discouraging, drastic alterations which aside from unnecessary expense often spoil a garment in the redoing. In fact, for the first time we now have sleeping garments that also conform to these theories.

Harry Berger, who has made some noteworthy innovations in his man-tailored Tommie pajama line that is distributed in more than three thousand stores throughout the country, decided that sleeping garments were due for an overhauling for the same reason. Two years ago, his firm conducted a survey in many key stores. It found the customers were often dissatisfied about the way nightwear didn't fit. Sleeping garments that are too large or too small interfere with pleasant dreams. They rip and tear more easily under the stress of nightly struggles and can interfere with free blood circulation.

Features of the Tommies shown on these pages are an overhanging shoulder yoke to prevent undue strain, a U-shaped crotch that conforms to natural body contours, adjustable waistbands, felled seams and horizontal buttonholes. Fabrics are tested for washing, sun fading and tensile strength. And professional sleep testers give garments a workout before they are put on the market.



● Polka dots tell a story. This rose and white-dotted Tommie proportionette even has the dots scaled to suit your size—polka dots for the tiny, coin dots for regular, and balloon dots (size of a half dollar) for the tall gal. In Vernay spun rayon with short sleeves and adjustable waistband. A sturdy sleeping garment. About \$5.



● The Tammie proportionette trio. This illustration shows you the same garment cut according to the height group to which you belong to insure better fit, more sleeping comfort and longer wear. All Tammies man-tailored pajamas come in these three size groups. They are sizes 32 to 38 tall, regular or tiny. If five feet six or over, buy tall, regular is five feet to five feet six, and tiny, five feet or under. Bur-mil rayon pastels. About \$6.



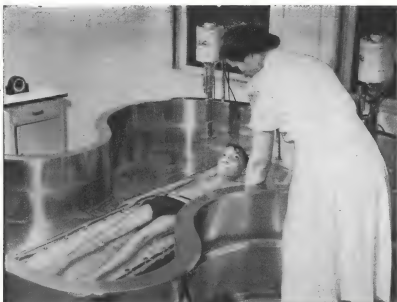
● Traveling ensemble consists of Bur-mil rayon satin coat of mahogany brown over aqua crepe pajamas. Also cherry red over champagne white; hy-drangea blue over pink. \$11 set.



● Short Tammie coat made popular by the young-or set as a sleeper also makes a good lounging coat over slacks or pajamas. With black butterflies etched on white rayon crepe. It's a close-up of the jacket in the week-end group pictured at right.



● Four-piece week-end set consists of butterfly print coat, brassiere, shorts (not shown), with black Bur-mil rayon crepe trousers. Set is \$12.95. The bra has a special design to insure sleeping comfort.



For this boy's injured left arm, underwater treatment in a Hubbard tank is applied by Mrs. Frieda Voohries, Physical Therapist. Water gives buoyancy to body and permits greater flexibility of muscles.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

When Betsy Barton, daughter of author Bruce Barton, was sixteen she broke her back in an automobile accident. That was ten years ago. Since then she has achieved a physical and spiritual readjustment described in her book, "And Now To Live," which has become the wounded servicemen's Bible. Here's what Betsy has to say about physical therapy:



I did not have physical therapy for a long time after I was injured. For a whole year I was allowed to lie in bed, doing nothing. I spent five weary years looking for the right kind of direction before I happened upon the mental and physical therapist who helped me rebuild my life. I could have progressed faster, had I found him earlier. I could not have progressed at all without him.

At the time I found the guidance I needed there were ninety-nine physical things I could not do, and only two I could. I could breathe. And I could move my abdominal muscles. My therapist regarded me with the eye of an architect surveying a ruined cathedral he hoped to restore.

"Breathe then," he told me. "Breathe like this." And he showed me how.

"Do the other things you can do—move your stomach muscles!" he said, and again he helped me begin.

I desperately needed acts, not phrases about patience and courage and faith. I needed something I could do.

As I did the exercises, I felt myself getting stronger, found through breathing hard that my sluggish circulation was becoming quick and clean and clear. And I began to have courage and patience and faith, brought on by actions—not words.

If only I could tell young men and women everywhere what it means to have proper guidance when you are sick or injured and helpless, I am sure hundreds would be inspired to enter this work. I know, from the receiving end, what physical therapy means—a rebirth of usefulness for those who have suffered and who have faced the future with uncertainty. Could any work be more important?

Betsy Barton

BE A

Physical Therapist

BY DOROTHY DUCAS

"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

How often have you heard your child asking or being asked this question? The perennial quest of youth to find its niche—beginning idly in primary school days and growing urgent as high school and college days appear—presents a challenge to parents, especially to mothers of daughters. For helping a girl to decide upon a career is difficult, at best, and particularly bewildering nowadays with social and economic conditions changing almost from month to month.

Because you want to help your daughter by passing along information about opportunities in many fields, guiding her toward the most suitable and worthwhile among them, you should know about the career of physical therapy, a war-born profession offering real satisfactions. Comparatively few girls are informed about this profession. Not every young woman is equipped to be a physical therapist, but there are more who would seek this training in the future than the past if they realized the following facts:

1. Physical therapy, which is the treatment of patients by physical means, including use of heat, cold, water, electricity, light, scientific massage and remedial exercise, only recently has been recognized as a separate profession and therefore is uncrowded and growing in importance.

2. The same kind of girl, generally speaking, who would make a good teacher also



This laundry worker injured arm muscles at the plant. Supervised shoulder wheel treatment helps.

would be temperamentally suited for physical therapy—and the rewards are comparable or, in some cases, better.

3. Free training for those willing to undertake the education required (graduation as a nurse or physical educator, a college degree or at least two years of college) is available through a training program recently inaugurated by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

(Continued on page 37)

(Continued from page 25)
 tinued. "All the people in the neighborhood are coming. You see, Mama's very famous now."

Daddy's hand was closed tight around his glass of water. "Famous?" There was a worried frown between his eyes.

"Of course. Getting to be a Hollywood star practically overnight is really something, you know."

"A Hollywood star!" Sally's voice was incredulous.

"SURE," Carrie let her imagination soar wildly. "You see, Mama was in the drug store with Mr. White one night having a soda. They'd just come from the movies and—"

Daddy interrupted. "Mr. White?"

Carrie thought fast. "I don't think you know him. He's the new man in charge of—well, of the gas company, and he isn't married or anything and he just hangs around Mama all the time—that is, when Mr. Black isn't over."

"Mr. Black?" Daddy's hands were now gripping the edge of the table.

"Well, Mr. Black's the one who always sends orchids and candy to Mama. The house is always just full of flowers now. And you never saw Mama so happy. She laughs and sings all day long."

She saw Daddy and Sally look at each other, and she plunged on. She had to finish the story, now.

"Well, as I was saying, here was Mama in the drug store with Mr. Black—no, Mr. White, and in comes this talent scout from Hollywood, and he sees Mama, and it turns out she's just the type he's been looking for, so he signs her up right then and there—and so—tomorrow we're moving to Hollywood. Special train, too, and Mama thinks there's a good chance they might make a star out of me, too, another Shirley Temple, you know, and even Peter could play baby parts. We're going to make a lot of money and be very happy and—"

Something had gone wrong. Daddy didn't look surprised anymore. He was staring down at the floor, and his lips were pressed thinly together.

"Carrie," he said then, gently, "sit down. I want to talk to you. How would you like to come and live with me—that is, with Sally and me—when we're married?"

Carrie felt her face grow very hot. Then she knew she had just been pretending.

"Well!" It was Sally's voice, sharply edged. "The least you could do is ask my permission first!" All the sweetness had gone out of her face.

DADDY turned swiftly and stared at Sally. "But—you said you liked her!"

"Did I say that?" Sally's tone was cold and sharp as an icicle.

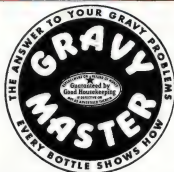
"But I really wouldn't come, anyway," said Carrie quickly, seeing Daddy's shocked face. She backed away from them, straight into a table. She turned swiftly, and the edge of the table came into sharp contact with her side. Something was jarred out of her pocket and fell to the floor.

It was her hand in clay. The top flap of the newspaper which was loosely wrapped around it fell back, and there right at the top of the page was the picture of the smiling lady with the heading, "Divorces Husband for Cruelty."

Sally sprang to her feet. She no longer
 (Continued on page 35)

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The smooth, hearty sauce comes already blended from the pick of sunripened vegetables. The spaghetti is made exclusively for this famous

meal from the finest durum wheat. The Parmesan style cheese is grated for sprinkling.

Try one carton and you'll have a permanent addition to your menu. Time-saving, economical, delicious Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner will be YOUR "Meal of the Week."

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Tired Kidneys
 Often Bring
 Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



When washing ribbons of silk or grosgrain, run them through the fingers to remove dirt.



To make a tie retain its shape when ironed, cut out cardboard frame and fit it into tie.



After rolling loosely knitted or crocheted snood in a towel, spread it flat to dry.

Winter Washline

Don't have stepdaughters to cleanliness in your winter wardrobe! Woolen ties, velvet trims, corduroys, velveteens can be washed!

DO YOU have winter washline worries? If you don't, you are an extra-super housekeeper! Family laundering is fairly simple during the summer with its cottons and linens and other easily washed fabrics, but come cold weather, a whole host of laundering problems are apt to rear their heads. Actually, however, laundry at this season need not be a worry at all if you avail yourself of a few labor-saving hints.

A goodly share of those winter washline worries have to do with pile fabrics. Let's start at the top *with velvets and velveteens!* Did you know that you can often wash velvets and velveteens, even those that are not guaranteed washable, with good results? So trot out your chiffon velvet dress, transparent velvet evening jacket or velvet pillow covers that look a bit on the dingy side.

Yes—an actual experiment in velvet-washing was carried on as a class project for home economics students in a well-known college, and various types of velvet were soap-and-water washed under conditions which the average homemaker can easily duplicate.

The first rule is to use lukewarm water, both for washing and rinsing. If you have been confused sometimes by washing directions which specified degrees of water temperature, lukewarm means just about body heat. All you have to do to determine the correct temperature is to try the water with your elbow. If it is right, you will not feel it as either hot or cold. It will feel only "wet."

Wash the garments in generous mild suds, using an alternate dipping and lifting motion. Take care throughout not to crush or

wrinkle the material. Do not rub. If the garment is very soiled, use a second fresh suds. Rinse in a succession of lukewarm clear water baths, lifting up and down and allowing excess water to drip off. Fairly heavy velvets and velveteens may be laid flat between turkish towels and kneaded gently to remove excess moisture, but be careful not to let two folds stay too long overlapped. The delicate transparent velvets should be shaken until nearly dry. If possible, have Daughter help you with the shaking, so that each can hold one end of the garment. Keep the hands underneath so you do not crush or mat down the pile. When nearly dry, place garment where there is a good circulation of air, but *not* near direct heat.

Steam velvet, when dry, to bring up the nap. Smaller pieces can be steamed over the tea-kettle. For larger pieces which cannot be conveniently handled in this way, here is a professional trick! Prop your iron on its back between two bricks. (You had better cover the bricks with cloth as a cleanliness measure.) A damp cloth laid over the bricks will give enough steam to restore the nap of the fabric as you pass garment by it.

Speaking of velvet, there's another little velvet item among our winter wearables which cannot be tubbed but can be soap-and-water washed. That is the velvet collar which is so smartly effective on our own Chesterfields, on the children's coats, or as a finishing touch to a wool dress. Those velvet collars do get soiled along the neckline, but what to do about them? You'll find the answer is really quite simple.

Make up a bowl of thickly whipped suds, almost the consistency of your husband's shaving lather. To this you add about half a teaspoonful of kerosene. Take a soft brush, dip it in suds, which are so thickly whipped that you have a minimum of moisture, and spread these suds evenly over the collar. Rub lightly. Lift off the soiled suds with a knife back. Rinse with a succession of clean clothes wrung out nearly dry in clear lukewarm water until all soap is removed. Then steam and brush, and presto! Your collar is fresh and presentable again.

Corduroy, so popular this season, has the advantage, too, that it is easy to care for. The rules for washing corduroy are essentially the same as for the more delicate pile fabrics, in the way of water temperature of 98 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, thick standing suds and no wringing, rubbing or twisting the material. With a good thick suds, you will usually find that the colors come clean by simply plunging them up and down in the suds pressing the suds through and through with the hands.



A sweater or jersey bearing initials should be frequently "blotted" while drying flat.



A dusty velvet collar can be suds cleaned with aid of a brush, thick suds and kerosene.



To steam a large piece of velvet, lay damp cloth over an iron propped between bricks.



Delicate transparent velvet garments should be shaken nearly dry. Keep hands under.

Of course, if Junior has worn his corduroys until they are really very soiled, then you may need a second sudsing to get them clean again. Follow the sudsing with three rinses to be sure all soap is removed.

When you take corduroys from the last rinse water, there are two schools of thought on the drying. One method is to carry the corduroys dripping to the line on the theory that any effort to press out the water may crush the nap. You will find, however, that the corduroys will dry more quickly if you roll them briefly in a bath towel after you take them from the last rinse water and knead out the moisture gently. You can even put heavy duty corduroys, in lengthwise folds, through a very loose wringer.

One great advantage of corduroy is that it really does not require ironing. When it is thoroughly dry just brush it the *wrong* way of the nap with a clean whisk broom and it will look quite presentable. If you want to do a fancy job, however, press lightly over the corduroy with a warm iron moving the

iron with the nap. This will smooth out any wrinkles. Then brush against the nap to bring up the pile.

Just possibly one of your laundry problems is how you wash those sweaters and jerseys so proudly adorned with class numerals or school letters. To be on the safe side it is best to remove the numerals or letters and wash them separately as they may not be color fast. If they are machine stitched on and too difficult to remove you can try washing them right on the garment and if you are *careful* you'll usually get good results.

Measure or outline these knitted or jersey garments before washing them, then when you lift them from the last rinse water lift them carefully with both hands being careful that the body of the sweater does not touch the numerals. Spread flat to dry. Press down carefully on the numerals with a Turkish towel to remove as much moisture as possible and blot again from time to time while the garment is drying.

Daughter's headwear also comes under the class of laundry problems. In this group are such items as fascinators and snoods, the popular peasant type scarves and those beguiling little hair bows.

First, about the loosely knitted or crocheted snoods and fascinators. The important point to remember for successful washing is that they should always be supported with both hands when lifting from wash or rinse water so that the weight of the water does not drag them out of shape. Roll briefly in a towel to absorb excess moisture then spread flat to dry, easing rippled edges or scallops into shape with the fingers while the piece is still damp.

Printed head scarves, provided they are fast color, whisk through the suds as easily as a handkerchief and you can cut down your ironing time considerably by letting them dry flat.

Wet hair ribbons with lukewarm suds, washing them by running the ribbons through the fingers. Do not rub, as this may separate the threads of the silk. Velvet ribbons may be washed by plunging up and down in suds, then in rinse water without twisting.

Dry ribbons flat. Iron grosgrain or satin on the wrong side. Steam the velvet strips over a tea-kettle and then brush to bring up the nap.

Even sonny boy's woolen neckties can be laundered. You will find that you can wash and iron these with good results if you take the trouble to cut out a cardboard frame that will fit into the end of the necktie then spread a pressing cloth over the material and iron with a warm iron.

Forms will be a big help, too, when washing wool socks for any members of the family. Cut the forms out of heavy cardboard and cover with a piece of old bath towel and you will be surprised how helpful they will be in preventing shrinkage and keeping the socks in their original size and shape.

Badly soiled shirts with dark streaks of soil along neckbands and cuffs are often another wintertime laundry problem, now that furnace-tending season is on again. Keep a good, fairly stiff brush handy. When you do your laundering, brush it over your soap, and then brush thoroughly along the soiled streak. Or you can rub your cake of soap right along that soiled line. Soap rubbed well in before the garment goes into your tub or washer, will ease the washing job no end.

Or speaking of shirts, did you know how helpful a little kerosene can be in making friend husband's shirts come clean if he has got them grease-smear or machine-oil stained tinkering with the family bus, now that this winter we have gas to spare? Just rub the spot first with kerosene, saturating the cloth thoroughly, before you put the garment into your washing suds.

Editor's Note:

Here's a brand new trick—a famous wax company now puts out a product that makes draperies, clothing, scarves, etc. water repellent and keeps them clean longer—(So if you are in the habit of wearing bright scarves in the rain, think how neat it will be to have them unspotted by the storm.) For further information on this product, write Household Editor, *Everywoman's Magazine*, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York.



When a corduroy garment is thoroughly dry, brush it briskly the wrong way of the nap.



2861. Distinctive blouse. Sizes 10 to 40. Size 16, with peplum, 1½ yards 39-inch fabric; without peplum, only 1 yard.
2568. Skirt with kick pleat. Waist sizes 24 to 32 inches.
2807. Skirt in wrap-around effect. Waist sizes 24 to 32.



2533. Smart little casual with simple lines; perfect for the young figure. Sizes 10 to 20. Size 16, ¾ yards 39-inch; ¼ yard contrasting.



2923. Trim little jumper and jacket make a very smart suit for spring. Easy on the yardage, too. Sizes 2 to 8. Size 4, for jumper and jacket, 1½ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse, 1 yard 35-inch.

FOR THE

Looking ahead to a bright new year? Match your merry spirits with a gay wardrobe by making some new additions to it from the designs shown on these two pages.

We've included some skirt and blouse ensembles that will give you many changes with little expense involved if you select your colors wisely and have them harmonize or contrast. With the emphasis on slim lines



3025. A charming and adaptable dress with a choice of sleeves. Long sleeves for current winter wear or graceful cape sleeves you'll want for warm weather next summer. Sizes 12 to 48. Size 36 with cape sleeve, 3½ yards 39-inch material; with longer sleeve, 3¾ yards 39-inch material.



2914. This pert little two-piece dress has a tightly fitted jacket and a pored skirt with an inverted pleat in the front. Sizes 12 to 46. Size 36, 4½ yards 39-inch material.

B Y L E E M .

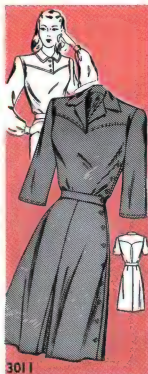


2806. A lovely little princess pinaflore dress with crisp shoulder ruffles, two generous pockets and a perky back-tied bow. And it's so easy to make, you can seam it up in a jiffy! Sizes 12 to 40. Size 16, 3¾ yards 35-inch material.



2996

2996. Here's an unusual frock with an attractive shoulder and neckline and a wonderful wide midriff. It buttons all the way down the back. Sizes 6 to 14. Size 8, 2 yards 35-inch material.



3011

3011. Smart between-season dress with convertible collar, interesting yoke and side-closing. Sizes 12 to 46. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 39-inch.



Blouse
3002

Skirt
from 1
yard
of 54"
Fabric
2837

Skirt
2870

2870. Skirt, waist sizes 24 to 36. Size 28, 1 1/4 yards 54-inch. 3002. Blouse, sizes 12 to 48. Size 36, 2 yards 39-inch with three-quarter sleeves; 2 3/4 yards 39-inch with long. 2837. Skirt, takes 1 yard 54-inch, waist sizes 24 to 32.

LAWRENCE



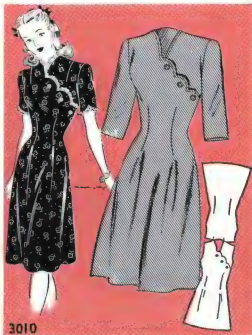
2866

2866. A suave jumper with princess back and trim dart-fitted front. Nice detail in the buttoned-over shoulders and heart pockets. Sizes 12 to 46. Size 36, jumper, 2 1/4 yards 39-inch material; and blouse, 1 1/4 yards 39-inch material.



3029

3029. A particularly attractive housedress that can go to market or for a leisurely stroll. Note sleeve and pocket treatment. Sizes 10 to 40. Size 16, 4 yards 35-inch.



3010

3010. The side-swept line of this simple surplice dress with the scalloped finish is one that proves universally becoming. There's just a little soft fullness released below the fitted waistline to give you that smart, desirable nipped-in look. Sizes 12 to 42. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 39-inch material.

Movies I Like—

BY EMILY
BERCKMANN

A new year, a new department and five grand pictures for this initial effort. Hollywood appears to have a yen lately for period pictures. This month we have three—*Kitty*, *San Antonio* and *The Spanish Main*, the last two in Technicolor. Coming back to the present day, we have *Spellbound*, a heavily dramatic presentation, and *The House I Live In*, a short feature made in the interests of better Americanism.



Much in need of some soap and plenty of hot water is Paulette Goddard, who has the title role in *Kitty*, the story of a street wolf who rises from the slums of London and eventually becomes a duchess.



KITTY

Produced by Karl Tunberg
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
Released by Paramount

Cast: Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Constance Collier, Patric Knowles, Reginald Owen, Cecil Kellaway, Denis Hoey, Sara Allgood.

"*Kitty*" is a Cinderella story with a period setting—the place is London, the time 1780. This particular Cinderella, Kitty, played by Paulette Goddard, is an illiterate cockney waif whose rags are turned into riches all because she steals Thomas Gainsborough's shoe buckles and instead of punishing her, he employs her as a model.

Ray Milland as Sir Hugh Marcy takes Kitty into his home and teaches her manners and the finer things in life with the help of his aunt Lady Susan, played by Constance Collier. You'll chuckle at the tea scenes enacted during the lowly lass-to-lady transformation and when Ray Milland and Constance Collier explain the intricacies of the fan to uninitiated Kitty, you'll laugh out loud.

Kitty, who foolishly loves Hugh, a bit of a cad, goes through two marriages to help out Hugh financially and to convince him that she loves him. It takes an additional entanglement on her part, an engagement to one of his friends, to bring Hugh to his senses and to make him realize he loves her.

Lavish settings and elaborate costumes give this picture all the pomp of the period. No expense has been spared and the result is an entertaining, though long, performance.

Paulette Goddard does an admirable job and certainly a decorative one of playing the poor little girl, then the poor little rich girl, who sacrifices much for her worthless love, a character well-played by Ray Milland.



Alexis Smith and Errol Flynn fall very much in love in colorful *San Antonio*, a tale of old Texas.



SAN ANTONIO

Produced by Robert Buckner
Directed by David Butler
Released by Warner Bros.

Cast: Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith, S. Z. Sakall,

Victor Franzen, Florence Bates, John Littel, Paul Kelly.

This lively story goes back to the year 1877 when the great Texas southwest was the scene of a savage range war between ranchers and organized bands of outlaws who were destroying the great herds and ruining the men who had built them. Cram full of climaxes, it's reminiscent of the old Saturday matinee continued thrillers but here you get all your excitement at one sitting.

Clay Hardin (Errol Flynn) organizes his fellow cowmen to overthrow the outlaws. He has obtained a cattle tally book recording illegal sales and proof that Roy Stuart (Paul Kelly) is the leader of the gang. Alexis Smith, twice as beautiful in Technicolor, plays Jeanne Starr, a New York actress, who sings in the Bella Union Music Hall operated by Roy Stuart and his partner, Legare (Victor Franzen). Indifferent at first to Hardin's attentions, she finally falls for him and tries to help him win his cause and also save his skin. From then on in, the action is fast, furious and certainly colorful.

The bang-bang scenes in the Bella Union will go over big with the Saturday afternoon balcony bronco-busters and in between the gun play, Jeanne's manager, Sacha (S. Z. Sakall) provides the laughs.



Exciting swordplay between John Emery and Paul Henreid while Maureen O'Hara looks on.



THE SPANISH MAIN

Produced by Robert Fellows
Directed by Frank Borzage
Released by RKO

Cast: Paul Henreid, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, Binnie Barnes, John Emery.

This swashbuckling romance of piracy, also in Technicolor, has plenty of action from start to finish. Paul Henreid is the engaging Dutch pirate who kidnaps lovely Maureen O'Hara, on her way to marry Don Alvarado (Walter Slezak), the governor of Spanish-held Cartagena. Henreid marries her as well, as part of his revenge on Alvarado who once sank his ship and massacred settlers he was taking to the Carolinas. In fact, he takes up piracy against all Spanish ships just to square the account. (Beautiful seascapes here!)

Of course, his bride isn't too happy about the arrangement, but (Continued on page 40)

(Continued from page 29)

looked like Lana Turner. She looked like Carmen Miranda in a fury. "So your brat came here on her own just to see you, did she? Don't make me laugh! She sent her here with that silly story and that newspaper just to work on your sympathies to get you back! Imagine anyone stooping so low!"

But now the paper had fully opened, revealing Carrie's hand in clay, broken in two. Carrie knelt down to pick it up, but Daddy was faster than she. He was holding the disk in his hands, fitting the two pieces together, so that the imprint of her small hand was whole again.

He stared at it silently for a moment and then he read the words on it aloud, but softly, as if he were talking to himself, "For My Daddy on Father's Day."

"Never mind, Daddy," comforted Carrie, seeing his stricken face, "never mind. It really doesn't matter. It's only my hand that's broken, Daddy. Only my hand."

He didn't say a word. He wrapped the hand in clay carefully in the newspaper, put a bill on the table, and then just stood there for a minute, looking at Sally as though he saw her for the first time. "Good-bye," he said.

She turned and moved away, walking stiffly at first. But as she neared the bar where the laughter and music were louder, she swung her hips with the sensuous ease of a cat. The sequins on her dress glittered in the dim light.

Daddy took Carrie's arm, and they went outside together.

"You don't have to take me to the bus, Daddy," said Carrie. "I can find my way home alone."

"But I can't," he answered. "Do you suppose you could—take me with you?"

COULD THIS BE LOVE?

(Continued from page 11)

"Why have I made such a messy scandal out of it? Because everything else failed. Don't think I haven't tried all the angles." She was bitter. "Even an affair for myself, which didn't work. I found I didn't want any man—but Link."

"You—you love Link?" the girl asked incredulously. "After all that?"

"I love every selfish bone in his body!" cried Mona with her first touch of jealous fire. "Just as I've hated every pretty face I know he has kissed."

Peggy asked furiously, "Then you didn't intend, any of the time, to go through with the divorce? You've done all this to me, just to get even with Link?"

"I didn't do it to you! I didn't make you fall in love with Link. You just happened along at the wrong time. So I hired a detective, had you both watched. He trailed you, on most of the deserted roads in the county," she reported in satisfaction.

"But those meetings, they—they weren't anything important, to you!" Peggy cried out defensively.

"You mean I have no proof of Link's infidelity to me?" Mona asked coolly. "You're right. I haven't. But I've got Link where I want him. Scared to death of scandal. Of publicity, if the case comes to trial. Scared of losing his job. He," she added with contemptuous candor, "loves being a big shot, on the works."

How she must hate him, and love him,

Peggy thought dazedly. Her foot searched for the starter on the floorboard.

"Striking back at Link through his job was the only way left, to hurt him. He'd sacrifice you, me, David, anybody, before he'd lose his job!" Mona cried shrilly, and then startled, took a few swift backward steps.

Peggy had started the car, it ploughed up the sand, in backing. When she found a place to turn, Peggy caught a last glimpse of Link Hanley's wife. She was standing in the sand, a shadow in the dusk, but her face was turned toward the river. Toward the boy who would walk in the dark to find his mother beside him.

The girl choked on an angry gasp of relief, at release from the whole bitter scene. But Mona had forgotten to thank her, thank her for finding David—unless the fierce confidences of the last few minutes could be considered gratitude. *Mona was sorry I had to be the one to scare some sense into Link. And oh, why am I crying? Have I done anything lately but weep weak, abasing tears?*

SHE turned onto the pavement and drove toward the dam. When she saw the lights of the town, the fear of the afternoon returned in a flood. She was crying because of Phil, because she loved him, and nothing else in the world mattered if he were safe.

She put her car away in the row of community garages and crossed to the duplex, wondering a little that her front door stood ajar. She and Mona had left hurriedly but they had not, Peggy knew, left a light burning.

Then she stood in the small entry, blinking in disbelief. Phil sat under the reading light, rustling a newspaper. He had not heard her and she stood without stirring as she searched his face hungrily. Phil looked tired, that was all. He still wore his work clothes. His face was scrubbed looking but his beige-colored flannel shirt was smudged and his khaki trousers wrinkled and mud splattered about the cuffs. He had come to her straight from work. From the caverns of a gray mass of concrete.

A strangled cry escaped her lips.

THEN he was holding her, his arms closing about her as he tried to quiet her frantic sobs, tried and was unable to stem her hysterical cries. "Oh, Phil, were you in there? In those awful places . . . those hideous caverns . . ."

"You're raving, Peg! Stop it, and tell me what this is about!" He shook her shoulders roughly.

"Those dark, awful places!" she gasped. "Caverns of water. Crawling—flooding! You were in there, today?"

"In the galleries, you mean? Of course. One of the by-pass valves was left open. We thought for awhile maybe it was a leak. But it wasn't. It took quite a while to locate the particular valve—"

"But it was dangerous?" she sobbed.

"Well, we got our feet wet," he admitted. "There was a foot or so of water in places. But there wasn't any real danger, Peg. You see . . ."

She clung to him, her hands pressing hard against his shoulder blades. Her shuddering ceased as she listened to his voice but not the words of his low and infinitely detailed explanation. "This dam was too well systematized, planned, mechanically perfect, down to the last pipe, line. The galleries could not possibly fill with water because . . ."

(Continued on page 37)



for
LOVELIER
SKIN

1-2-3 EXTRA LATHER CARE

• Glorify your complexion three ways with SweetHeart Soap's amazing 1-2-3 Extra Lather Beauty Care.

Night and morning, massage your face for one minute with SweetHeart's rich extra lather. Rinse with warm—then icy water. Like 3-way magic, it (1) cleanses (2) stimulates (3) brightens your skin to radiant, velvety freshness.

See for yourself SweetHeart's extra lather. The rich, creamy, abundant lather you want for these three basic steps to a lovelier complexion.

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FOR KIDS...from 7 to 70!



CAMELOT

Camelot is a fast moving game, growing in popularity.

Camelot is easily learned because there are but three kinds of moves, all readily understood. Each player's force consists of ten men and four knights. One person plays the black pieces, the other the red.

Your object is to get two of your pieces in your opponent's starred squares (representing his castle). To do this a battle is fought to subdue your opponent and clear the way.

The moves are: 1. *A plain move* just to the next vacant square, in any direction. 2. *The jump* which is like the jump in checkers only you may jump in any direction (meaning, backwards, forwards, sideways or diagonally). 3. *The canter* like the jump except that it is over a piece of your own color, just to get somewhere quickly, and you do not remove the piece "cantered" over. 4. *The knight's charge* made only by knight begins with a canter to get next to an exposed enemy piece. Once there, he may continue his play by jumping and removing this enemy piece as a part of the same move.

Camelot is for sale in most department stores. Directions are enclosed with game.

OCCUPATION QUIZ

Can you identify the following jobs?

1. A **CARTOGRAPHER** is a meter checker, map maker or an auto designer?
2. An **AMANUENSIS** is a secretary, book-binder or a dressmaker?
3. A **HOROLOGIST** is a fortune-teller, draftsman or a watchmaker?
4. An **ACTUARY** is a statistician, stagehand or a telegrapher?
5. A **HISTOLOGIST** is a history professor, biologist or a diamond cutter?
6. A **PUDDLER** is a steelworker, boatman or a carpenter?
7. An **ABIGAIL** is a photographer, lady's maid or a bird trainer?
8. A **DRAPER** is a clothier, furniture designer or a dry goods merchant?
9. A **FARRIER** is a fur merchant, horse shoer or an architect?
10. A **TONSorialist** is a throat specialist, barber or a singer?

11. A **BONIFACE** is an innkeeper, masseur or a skin specialist?
12. A **TURNER** is an auto driver, lathe-worker or an acrobat?
13. A **VINTNER** is an author, balloonist or a wine dealer?
14. A **TILER** is a tile maker, record keeper or a doorman?
15. A **CONCHOLOGIST** is a shell expert, X-ray worker or a map maker?
16. A **GRAPHOLOGIST** is a civil engineer, handwriting analyst or a chart maker?
17. A **CHANDLER** is a candle dealer, egg handler or a pilot?
18. A **BIBLIOGRAPHER** is a Bible teacher, book dealer or a writer?



CHILDREN'S PARTY CAKES

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| $2\frac{3}{4}$ cups cake flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar |
| 1 tsp. baking powder | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda | 2 eggs, unbeaten |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salt | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening | 1 tsp. vanilla |

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder, soda and salt, and sift together 3 times. Cream shortening, add sugar and cream together. Add molasses gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well. Add flour alternately with milk, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in a greased 10 x 10 x 2 inch pan in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 35 minutes or until done. Cut in squares, cover top and sides with your favorite frosting and write on names of chocolate frosting, using a fine brush or pastry tube.



FIDO'S SWEATER

Keep him warm this winter with this hand knitted doggy coat. Instructions to make it are yours for the asking. Simply send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and a note with your request for leaflet Z-50. Address Readers' Service Department, *Everywoman's Magazine*, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York.



This junior mother knows that doll babies need baths just as much as real babies do. Why not set aside your next Saturday morning for going over your doll brood. Make them look bright and shining—then see how much happier their tiny faces will look!

Start by taking off all of their diminutive clothes. And be sure to separate the white from the colored ones. Now the fun begins and you can roll up your sleeves to start the fascinating business of sudsing and rinsing. Wash the white undies in one suds, and each one of the colored clothes separately.

Perhaps Mom will let you have your own line and some clothespins. If you've been careful about not messing up the floor, there's a pretty good chance you'll get help, too, with the job of pressing.

Don't worry if you haven't a real life bathinette like the one in the picture. Anything that holds soap and water will do just as well. And unless your doll is made all in one piece, it is best to put a towel on your lap and sponge off your baby. Starting with the face, remove every particle of grime and dust and be careful not to let water seep into the joints. Rinse off with clear lukewarm water and dry thoroughly.

TRUE OR FALSE

1. Canada is larger than the United States and Alaska combined.
2. Panama hats were first made in Panama.
3. Dolphins and porpoises can breathe air, and are warm-blooded mammals.
4. A perfect diamond is worth more than a perfect ruby of equal size and weight.
5. The melon is a tropical fruit.
6. All cats have retractable claws.

Answers:

1. True. 2. False. Although they are now produced in Panama they were originally made in Ecuador. 3. True. 4. False. 5. True. 6. False; the Cheetah, a large spotted cat, native of Africa has non-retractable claws.

ANSWERS TO OCCUPATION QUIZ

1. Map maker. 2. Secretary. 3. Watchmaker. 4. Statistician. 5. Biologist. 6. Steel worker. 7. Lady's maid. 8. Dry goods merchant. 9. Horse shoer. 10. Barber. 11. Innkeeper. 12. Lathe worker. 13. Wine dealer. 14. Tile maker. 15. Shell expert. 16. Handwriting analyst. 17. Candle dealer. 18. Writer.

(Continued from page 35)

His voice was all that mattered, and his hands straining her to him gently. His cheek smoothed the crown of her head with the old gesture of tenderness, pressing her head to him more closely. His words meant nothing, only the beat of his heart and the strength of his hard body were real.

She stood in his arms, quiet at last, the faint smile of her lips hidden against him. Phil was one engineer who could talk about pumps and pipe-lines, with a girl in his arms. Then she knew why he had soothed her with words, words which he, too, knew were meaningless to her.

He said gravely, "Look up at me, Peg. Tell me, now. Tell me why you were afraid."

Her eyes met his and her lips trembled only slightly. "Because I love you. Because I'd die if anything ever happened to you... and because I only found out today, when I thought you were in danger, how very much I love you, my darling."

IT WAS strange she thought when their kiss ended, that the sober sweetness of a passionless caress could wipe out all memory of other lips. It was as if this were the first kiss. A pledge of trust and a promise of passion.

His arms were gentle but his voice held a sharp warning note. "I came here for a purpose tonight, and it wasn't to listen to hysterics. I had news today—"

"News?"

"It seems there's some government construction going on up in Alaska," he drawled, but with the small-boy gleam of longing for a distant and legendary spot. "I have to report in Seattle the fourteenth. We could get married in a couple of days, couldn't we?"

"Oh," she said.

She found herself standing alone in the middle of the room and her eyes were soft with laughter as they followed Phil. He had crossed to the windows and was methodically pulling down the shades.

BE A PHYSICAL THERAPIST

(Continued from page 28)

Physical therapy itself is ancient in origin, dating back to the early Egyptians and Greeks who used sun and water treatment for many ills. But it was not until the first World War that modern physical therapy got its start, with the result that the American Medical Association recognized its importance in 1925.

IN WORLD War II, some thirteen hundred physical therapists served with the armed forces at home and abroad, as regular members of the Army and Navy Medical Departments. This was more than half the supply of qualified p.t.'s in the United States, which meant that treatment of civilians suffering from infantile paralysis, fractures, arthritis and a host of other diseases and disabilities was seriously handicapped. Seventy-five hundred physical therapists could be used in postwar years in the United States—five thousand more than now exists!

This year there are only about six hundred students at approved schools of physical therapy, half of whom are recipients of National Foundation scholarships. This means that by 1948, at the same rate of training, we still would be 3,200 short of the estimated goal. Medical authorities predict that

the demand for services of qualified p.t.'s will continue to increase for at least ten years, as specialists in physical medicine become more numerous and prescribe physical treatment for many different ailments. No fear of unemployment in this field!

IT IS a situation which should appeal to the youthful spirit of a pioneer—the chance to enter a new profession with influence and benefits that can be enlarged by new members of the profession.

As one physical therapist recently put it: "Every girl wants to get ahead, personally. She wants work that will give her not only security but chance for advancement. She'll find both in physical therapy. But perhaps the most important reward is an intangible—the sight of twisted bodies, straight—helpless limbs, walking—and the realization that you, the physical therapist, played some part in making it possible. I know of no thrill which can compare to this!"

A PHYSICAL therapist differs from a nurse, although a nurse may become a physical therapist with additional training. Both work under the direction of the physician, but the nurse gives bedside care, administers medicines, dresses wounds, takes temperatures, keeps records of temperature, respiration, etc., while the physical therapist gives actual physical treatment. As a physical therapist, you would give passive exercise to weakened muscles, immerse a limb in a hot paraffin bath, operate a galvanic current machine, give scientific massage or underwater-exercises, apply a pressure boot to aid circulation, supervise individuals and classes in corrective exercise. To do this well requires extensive education in anatomy, physiology, pathology, chemistry and psychology, and months of practice under qualified supervisors. A girl who has a flair for science, who is interested in hospital work, would do well.

Because physical therapy involves direct association with patients, ranging from little children to elderly patients, the personality of the p.t. is especially important. She must be cheerful, inspirational, confidence-inspiring, able to get along with all sorts of people, whether they are her patients or her co-workers.

THE kinds of jobs available to graduates of physical therapy schools which have been approved by the AMA are many. Hospitals now are understaffed with physical therapists, and many of those having no regular physical therapy departments today plan to open them when qualified personnel is available. Veterans' hospitals will need a large number. There will be many hospital staff jobs to be had. Then also, physicians, particularly orthopedic specialists, normally employ p.t.'s in their offices, and doctors of physical medicine will do the same. Infantile paralysis clinics must have physical therapists to function, for physical therapy is an established part of the treatment for this disease, continued support of which is one of the objectives of the current "March of Dimes" sponsored by The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Public health services, State, City and County, are seeking qualified p.t.'s for their staffs in almost every state.

Salaries range from \$150 a month, sometimes with full maintenance, and usually with meals, laundry, transportation costs, to \$6,000 a year in administrative or teaching positions.

If you have a daughter, a sister or a friend

who is in college or planning to go in the near future, why not mention preparation for physical therapy as a possibility for her? A booklet outlining the career and information about scholarships can be obtained by writing to *Everywoman's Magazine*, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T SLEEP

(Continued from page 19)

insomnia is silly anyway, so why not? You'll sleep better if you're not depending on that personal alarm in your brain to get you up. Use an alarm clock if you're one of those unfortunate individuals who must arise at a given hour—but make sure that it's the gentle variety instead of the clang-clang-fire-alarm type. Most of us are grouchy enough in the morning, without being waked unpleasantly!

We haven't considered reading in bed yet, have we? It can be a good idea—if you use some common sense in selecting your reading material. For instance, you ought to know that an exciting book is not the best answer. You'll probably go on saying, "Just one more chapter!" and read far too long. You'll have too much to think about when you do stop reading. Don't go to the other extreme and dig out the dull material in the house. It's quite an assignment to bore yourself to sleep! The ideal answer is a rather soothing short story or a bit of humor. And for Heaven's sake, if you share the room with someone who wants to sleep while you read, use one of those spot-light reading lamps which leave the rest of the room in darkness.

A nice soft musical program will beckon to sleep, but if the music succeeds, beware the louder program that is sure to follow, sooner or later. Even the soft music may not be welcomed by your "roomie," but there's a pillow arrangement that will bring the gentle strains to your ears only.

EXERCISE has its place in the pre-sleep program. If it's rather violent, keep it at least an hour away from bedtime. A short walk just before going to bed, however, is on the helpful side.

The real key to the bugaboo of sleeplessness, already touched on in some of the tips that have been passed along to you, is relaxation. For the lucky person who can relax as easily as he can say the word, we've been wasting time by telling all these other ideas. But most people are not that lucky!

Here's one good way to do it. After getting into bed, raise both legs a few inches and hold them there while you take twenty deep breaths. Next do the same with your arms. Finally, raise your head for the twenty-breath quota. With all members dropped comfortably back onto the bed, just think about your muscles relaxing. As you complete the mental circuit of your body, feeling the various muscles let go and start to rest, even your eyelids will start to droop and the job is practically done. A variation is to indulge in a series of cat stretches, with every muscle flexed and relaxed repeatedly until your whole body is free of twitches and you're ready to drop off.

Baths serve a useful purpose in this going-to-sleep racket, too. Shun the icy shower as well as the steaming tub. Instead, strike a

(Continued on page 39)

Open Letter to Fido

BY EDWARD FAUST

LISTEN pooch—I mean you my four-legged friend! I'm writing this to you. It deals with that most fascinating thing in all the world—your dinner pail. Now I'm sure you've heard a lot of talk about the feeding of dogs. Unfortunately, along with a lot of useful information a few crack-pot theories have been given circulation. A long time ago some spoil-sport thought up the bright idea that sweets are bad for the likes of you. The rule needn't apply to you my friend. It's intended for those aristocratic purps of the show ring who have to be kept in tip top condition. It must be admitted that sugar does lay on the fat but a mite of sweets now and again won't do you any harm if it isn't overdone.

Another rankiboo notion is that dogs cannot digest and absorb sugars and starches. Well, hundreds of tests made by physiologists both here and abroad have proved that your doggy race can handle these substances just as well as human beings. Professor Clive M. McCay, Ph.D. (Professor, Animal Nutrition, Cornell University) points out in a booklet that perhaps the taboo against such carbohydrates arises from their being over-used to supplement the meat which all dogs should have. The danger here is that this lowers the vitamin intake for dogs. He emphasizes this by saying, "If the diet of a dog is properly supplemented with vitamins there is no reason it should not contain fifty to sixty per cent of starch or other carbohydrates."

Another less widely accepted belief is that bones are bad for dogs. This, too, is a rule that only states a half-truth. Actual bones are swell for you. Nothing better to help keep your gums and teeth in good condition but *small* bones, the kind that are easily splintered, are dangerous. If you swallow any such splinters they may puncture your stomach or intestines with results fatal to you. So tell the boss to let you have a big, hard beef bone now and then. A lamb or veal bone cooked is all right, too. The beef bone needn't be cooked. But don't monkey with chicken, rabbit, chop or steak bones.

You'll also hear a wordy two against pork. To admit this to doggy diet would encourage some owners to feed too much of it which would knock his or her Fido's digestion for several loops. A wee bit of pig meat won't do any harm and I say this here because I know that your master or mistress won't over-indulge you.

Here is a list for you of those things—and they're not many—that really should *not* be given to you. Number one is pickled or spiced foods, then there's coffee, tea or alcoholic drinks. Ice water—except a small piece of ice in your drinking water occasionally during the hottest days—had better be taboo for you. Very hot foods, too, are bad or those that are very cold. Food from the icebox should be allowed to stand long enough to reach room temperature. Remem-



Harold Lander

ber, too, fresh white bread isn't good either.

Now you can have beef raw or cooked. If there's a bit of fat in it—so what? Veal and lamb or mutton well-cooked are fine. Fish, fowl and rabbit are good, but tell your boss to be sure that *every* bone is removed. Hearts, kidneys, liver had best be cooked. Any of the green vegetables cooked will add a bit of variety to your diet. The fruit and vegetable juices are good, as are milk and cheese. Eggs are at the top of the list but you are likely to find that the whites of these are a bit hard to digest. Hard-boiled eggs should be chopped up for you. A pinch of salt (only a very small pinch) will liven the meal for you. All soups and broths should be thankfully received by you and there's no better meal for variety than an occasional soup in which meat scraps and vegetables have been cooked and to which stale or toasted bread have been added.

Before the war a lot of dog foods came in cans. Because these foods were moist and many of them had the color of meat some dog owners wouldn't think of buying any other kind. But came the war and canned dog foods vanished to be replaced with the dehydrated or dried varieties. The dried foods are here to stay. In fact, many good dog foods never were anything else but dried. In many of them is ample dried meat content sufficient to nourish any dog. The convenience of these foods has made them a boon to busy housewives and their small cost enables almost anyone to keep a dog.

The three main types of dry dog foods are: 1. Biscuits. 2. Dehydrated. 3. Meal type. Biscuits have been on the market for many years. They are made from a dough containing the necessary food ingredients with very often a liberal portion of dried meat. The dough is then baked into whole biscuit form or broken into kibbles—small pieces. In feeding, they can be moistened with water or broth. The wise owner will make it a rule to let Fido have a certain portion of the biscuits

unmoistened, as the hard biscuit encourages the dog to chew vigorously, massaging gums and teeth.

The second type of food, the dehydrated, is relatively new and has been resorted to by those larger packers of moist canned food. The only great difference between these foods and the third or meal type is that the moisture has been removed from these foods *after* the ingredients have been mixed. These, too, contain wholesome meats and vitamins. After they are moistened by water or soup they resemble the old-time moistened canned foods.

The third type of food, the meal type, contains the same ingredients as do the other two types, the quantities varying with the formula used by each manufacturer. These are best fed moistened with water or any other suitable liquid, such as broth. This type of food roughly resembles the average dried breakfast food. A variant is food in pellet form which is the same in food content as all other dried foods for dogs.

So much for the various foods. Now the thing that interests you most, my friend, is just how much should your owner give you. Well here's a rough guide because conditions vary with dogs. For a youngster three months old, there should be four snacks a day: Breakfast—a half cup of milk with one half teaspoonful of lime water added (to help build solid bones). Noon—a half-tablespoonful of raw chopped beef with a piece of well toasted bread or several puppy biscuits. Afternoon—the same and a small glass of fruit or vegetable juice can be added. At six months, breakfast should be a whole cup of milk, a teaspoonful lime water and the yolk of a raw egg. To this can be added one of the better prepared puppy foods. Noon—1 to 2 tablespoons cooked or raw beef or cooked lamb with 2 or three spoonfuls of cooked green vegetables. Prepared dog food can also be added. The same for the night meal will likewise do. This is a menu for a dog of one of the smaller breeds. At a year, increase all amounts slightly.

For larger breeds (medium sized—larger terriers, setters, etc.) *three months old*—breakfast 1 cup milk, lime water and dog food for filler. A raw egg two or three times a week. Noon—2 large spoonfuls raw chopped beef with dog food. Afternoon same, and at night, the same. Have Master step up the quantities as you grow older, Fido, until you've become a year old and then you should be getting one-half to three-fourths of a pound of meat with about a half-cupful of cooked vegetables or the equivalent in dried dog food moistened with broth or water. For very large dogs of six months old two cups of milk for breakfast with dog food. Noon one-half pound raw beef or dried food at night the same quantities. Increase proportionately, according to age. In all cases, it is best to be guided by the instructions you'll find on the food package.

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happy compromise. Some people even find it helpful to alternate warm and cool temperatures, letting the hot and cold water run in and out of the tub to bring about the desired ups and downs several times.

CONTROL your thoughts when you're seeking shut-eye. This is not the time to delve into involved problems or plan the details of the following too-busy day. Neither is it advisable for you to give your imagination full play, with yourself as hero or heroine of soul-satisfying adventures. There's no hour of the day when this can be accomplished more successfully, but it doesn't lead to sleep. Either turn your mind off or, if the switch doesn't work, shunt your thinking to some harmless, soporific subject.

We can't consider this discussion complete without giving at least passing mention to sleeping equipment. As a matter of fact, it's a whole story in itself but we'll confine ourselves to a few highlights. Maybe we should start with gadgets: bundling beds with heavy springs down the middle to keep both sleepers in their places; non-absorbent heartbreak pillows that you can sob all over; electric blankets that are set to maintain an even temperature; and half-and-half mattresses with one side soft and the other hard.

Without resorting to any of these trick devices, you can be sure that your bed is comfortable. A bed should be six inches longer than the sleeper and have sufficient width. The mattress should be a good one—and don't expect it to last a lifetime! Pillows, too, are important to the comfort of the sleeper, and should be retired when they have outlived their usefulness.

If it's evening and this article hasn't put you to sleep yet, we'll give you just time enough to try one of your new-found tricks before we leave you to your peaceful slumbers. Good night!

BALANCING MY WIFE'S BOOKS

(Continued from page 12)

She had checked someone in the wrong square and had erased it. Then, sometime later she had remembered to give credit to the proper person, but couldn't remember whether she had erased the original checks or not so she had erased another one to be sure. Finally, in desperation, she had rechecked the square and put in a quarter of her own just to be sure. I tried several combinations to make up the \$2.25 and tried to convince her that the money must have been received instead of paid, but she stuck to her guns.

On the fifth evening she suddenly remembered that Ruth had given her \$1.25 on the street about four months ago. That left us one dollar to go and we spent all evening going nowhere. She would not listen to me when I suggested that she admit to the club that it was richer by one dollar. The books were going to balance!

Well, they did balance. While she was out of the room I changed a two to a three on one of the "paid" memos that was in reality a cash received. I couldn't be the one to find that we had been wrong in our addition so it took another evening before she tried adding up her book and found that it was correct. Then, of course, she blamed me for adding

wrong. There were so many pages of numbers and columns of figures by then that I felt safe in admitting I must have been wrong and let it go at that.

We have been through three of those ordeals now and the procedure is roughly the same each time. She promised to clarify the notes, but somehow it comes out as balled up as ever every six months. Now, I do not dread the report quite so much, but if I ever get caught there will be at least one less treasurer of the ladies' club and that won't be my wife.

WOMEN WON'T STAY IN THE HOME

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fourths of the women interviewed by the Women's Bureau agents were living in the family household. Of these, at least ninety per cent made regular contributions from their wages. Many were the sole wage earners.

There is, however, another equally powerful reason for women working. Women have found outlets for creative talent. They have used their energies fully for the first time and have enjoyed economic independence.

"I feel I've found a real niche for myself at long last," explained Mrs. Leonard Ashford in discussing her activities with a realtor's firm in Cleveland. With natural business acumen and a great deal of charm she has made a huge success of this, her first job, at forty-eight. She means to hold on to it if she possibly can. This over the protests of two married sons and her husband, a well-to-do industrialist whose work takes him all over the country and away from home most of the time. "It makes my life useful and interesting," she added.

Similarly, Mary Vernon, twenty-two, chose a war career in preference to a social debut. Because of artistic leanings she took a course in drafting, got a job with a big firm making equipment for war plants. After specialized training given by the company, she shyly confessed to being called one day into the office of the manager who informed her that her drawings were "beautiful—" as good as those of any of the men whom he had had for years. "And to think they pay me for doing work I'm crazy about," she ended almost ecstatically.

Industrialists today differ in their attitudes about women's future. Henry J. Kaiser says he will continue to hire women who prefer welding to wielding a broom.

Eric A. Johnston believes that many women who have made a place for themselves will not willingly retire to the kitchen and that employers will not be inclined to discharge good workers because they are women.

Some firms report such restrictive devices as separate seniority lists for women, rules against employment of married women, limitation of women's employment to prewar occupations.

The electrical industry, however, promises much to women. They had an important prewar position in this field. They have gained considerable ground since Pearl Harbor. Much of this they may hold—what with the huge backlog of demands for irons, mixers, vacuum cleaners, radios, lighting.

Some of the humbler services, to which large numbers of women have had to turn for a livelihood—too often under poor conditions—have suffered from labor shortages during

SEASON WISELY SEASON WELL



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the emergency. And we the people have gone without accustomed conveniences. We have visions of better times now. What a relief it will be not to have a hotel room in disarray on arrival; not to waste an hour in a restaurant for the order to be taken and the bill submitted; not to have to fit into a "take-your-number-and-wait-your-turn" system at a butcher's; not to fret over an unconscionable delay in the laundry delivery of shirts and sheets—with an article or two missing or ruined. We shall welcome an end to labor shortages and a cessation of struggles over the simple mechanics of living. Women will not balk at return to service jobs if labor standards are streamlined, better pay and more satisfactory conditions offered.

Will domestics return to housework? There are postwar potentials for aiding homemakers and the workers if programs now in the making can be carried out. Plans call for some face lifting, habit changing and renaming to glamorize this old field with a new appeal. Employment standards must be improved, training facilities modernized, the social stigma extracted. For example, women could be trained along specialty lines, then hired out on a standardized basis, by agencies to private homes. Called domestic engineers or homecrafters they might engage, say, in intensive housecleaning or inexpensive catering, as proxy parents or seamstresses, in ways similar to those of visiting nurses or interior decorators.

In such traditionally feminine bailiwicks as retail selling and clerical pursuits war gains of women may be retained. In stores women have made some progress, and can hope for more, in "lace collar" jobs, in the fancier salary roles of buyers, merchandise managers, copywriters, layout artists, fashion and advertising experts. Girls may also hold onto some factory clerical jobs opened up to them, such as timekeepers, expeditors, tracers, production-record clerks. There are opportunities in banking, housing, and commercial aviation for qualified women.

Particularly good is the outlook in the medical services. Wider use is foreseen of practical nurses, for whom special training facilities are on the increase. Professional nurses can expect to be in greater demand along administrative, public health, and industrial lines. A much larger force of physical and occupational therapists for both veteran and civilian uses will be required. Women

(Continued on page 40)

Everywoman's

Feature Pattern

of the Month



The little dress with the brief sleeve effect has proved so flattering that now it ranks as an all-season style. Simple to cut and make (see design).

No. 2966 is cut in sizes 12 to 20, 36 to 44. Size 36 requires only 2 3/4 yards 39-inch fabric.

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physicians will profit by their war-gained experiences, especially in the fields of pediatrics and endocrinology. And authorities believe that women chemists are here for good.

The country's limitless energy and ambition, its technological know-how, its magnificent resources can be utilized to produce the billions of dollars worth of goods and services to meet pent-up needs the world over. If this is done there will be need for women as well as men workers.

How can women workers be assured a fair deal? Standards and policies are being set up to safeguard the employment of the demobilized troops and war workers—both men and women. Specifications include better labor laws to insure a floor to wages and abolition of wage differentials based on sex. This assures protection against employers who would exploit women as lower-paid labor.

The kinpost in the blueprint for jobs is adequate counseling and placement facilities in the employment offices. The best equipped person should be the one selected in each instance—without discrimination.

In job budgeting, women's employment cannot be considered a mere problem of the women. The rise and fall in their purchasing power follows their employment curve. This constitutes a vital factor in making for our prosperity or depression.

Trained womanpower can aid in postwar progress. Women should not be barred from victory. Will women's talents, skills, and employment be utilized to meet the needs of the community, the nation, the world? On the answer to this question depends the preservation and progress of our democracy!

WHAT'S THE NEW TREND IN FURNITURE?

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Heretofore these pieces were always done in mahogany or walnut in the conventional dark finishes. Now they're appearing in blond or light finishes and in pickled pine and bleached oak and such and they lose nothing of beauty in the process. As a matter of fact they often gain tremendously in interest. Lighter-toned pieces can be used more adaptably in today's modern homes and can often be combined with strictly Modern pieces in the same woods, with very pleasing effect.

A well-known woman designer has recently presented a new series of interchangeable furniture for living rooms, bedrooms and dining rooms which is going to have a wide appeal for young people who are starting from scratch in furnishing their homes. This furniture is sold country-wide through department and furniture stores and it's priced in the very popular brackets but still emphasizes quality and workmanship. The wood is limed oak and the designs are strictly Modern and the whole idea is versatile.

There is no doubt but what the next five to ten years will bring us exciting new ideas in furniture design and construction. But keep the basic elements of this sound new trend in mind when you set out to buy. Insist on good design, good construction, comfort and usability in anything you select. Watch out for the "freaks." There'll always be firms that will try to foist them off on an unsuspecting public. The answer to that is—buy furniture only in stores that have built up reputations for good taste and dependability.

MOVIES I LIKE

(Continued from page 34)

with time and particularly after she meets Alvarado, she changes her mind.
Gory but good! Kiddies will go for this like lollipops, but for their sake you may wish the picture were a little less worldly in spots.



Psychiatrist Ingrid Bergman tries to help Gregory Peck remember the past in *Spellbound*.



SPELLBOUND

Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by Alfred Hitchcock
Released through United Artists
Cast: Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Leo G. Carroll, John Emery, Michael Chekhov.

Appropriately named, this suspense-packed picture will leave you just that way. It's the most unique picture to come out in a long time. "Spellbound" is a psychoanalytical mystery story directed by Hitchcock in his inimitable way—you know, the edge-of-your-seat sort. To see it is an emotional experience not soon forgotten.

Ingrid Bergman, as young Dr. Peterson, does a noble job in her role as a psychiatrist. She is in love with Gregory Peck, an amnesia victim, who is simply known as "J. B.", the initials on his cigarette case. He is accused of crime—murder so it seems. He can't remember what happened and is sure he is guilty. But Ingrid Bergman, confident that he is not guilty, makes an all-out effort to prove his innocence. Just how she does unravel the mystery itself and Peck's identity through psychiatry and psychoanalysis is fascinating.

The acting is superb—the sincerity of the leading stars and their naturalness is impressive. In fact, the whole performance is flawless and beyond any glittering adjective I could possibly use to prefix it, so I'm simply going to say I know you'll like it if you enjoy drama in your movies. The story's good, the stars are Bergman and Peck—well, need I say more?

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN

Frank Sinatra, Mervyn Le Roy, and Frank Ross have produced a featurette to promote religious and racial tolerance in America. Two songs are included: the title number, "The House I Live In" by Earl Robinson and Lewis Allen and "If You Are But A Dream." There's good psychology afoot here—an entertaining lesson is always easy to learn. Too bad we can't have more like this.

"The House I Live In" is released by RKO with all the proceeds going to an agency for the rehabilitation of juvenile delinquents.

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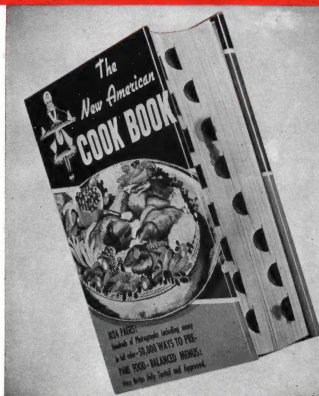


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